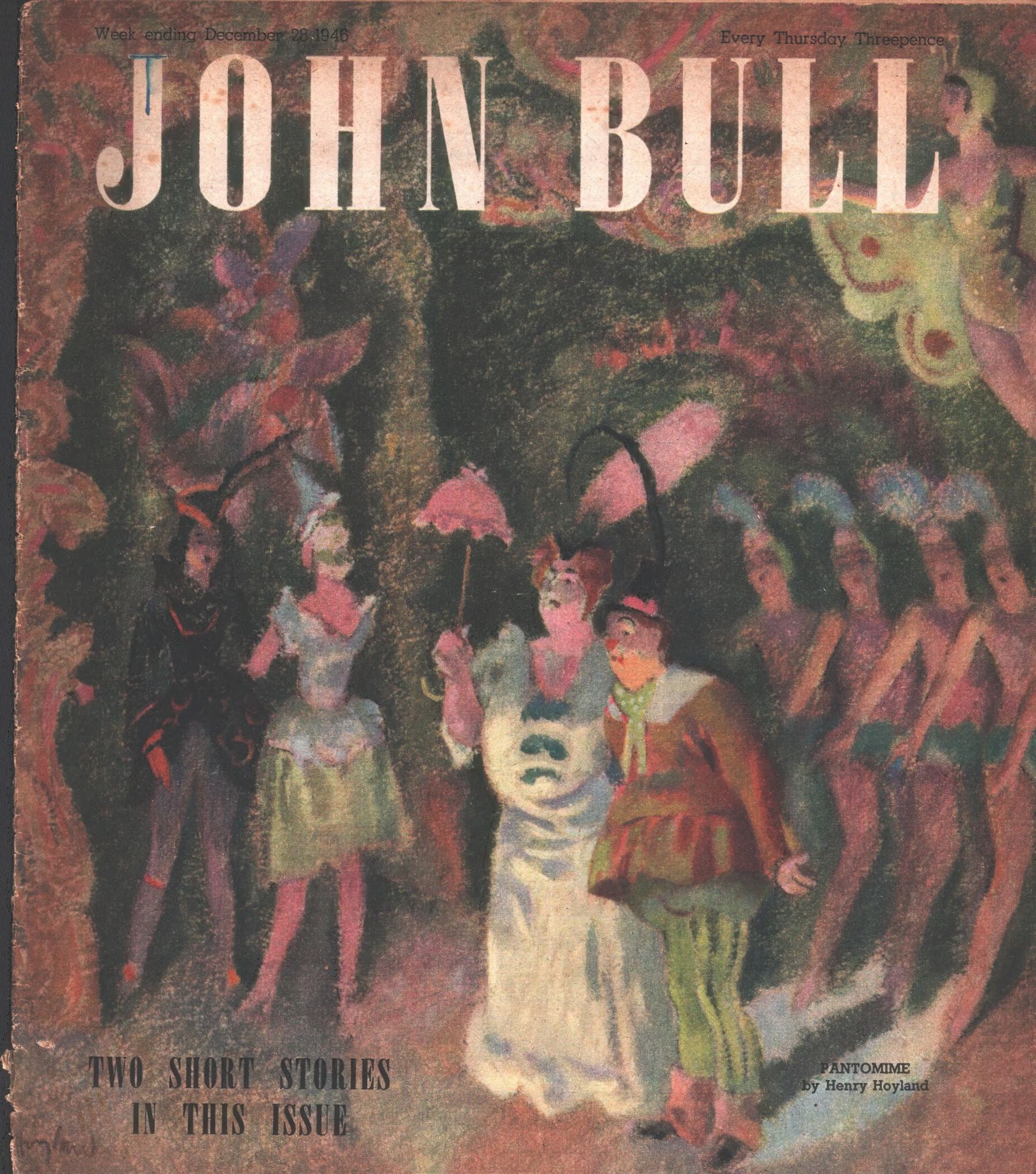
Week ending December 28 1946

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



TWO SHORT STORIES IN THIS ISSUE

PANTOMIME
by Henry Hoyland

THE IMPORTANCE OF TIME...

Time is vital. Successful treatment of Cancer depends on early diagnosis. At the first sign of a lump or growth SEE your doctor at once.

CHRISTIE HOSPITAL AND HOLT RADIUM INSTITUTE
MANCHESTER, 20

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Deliveries of our new 1947 models now arriving! Priority waiting list in operation at each of our 80 branches. Get your Priority Certificate at our nearest branch.★

★ See Telephone Directory for local address.

Unparalleled **SERVICE**

Maintenance and Service completely FREE!
All Valves replaced completely FREE!
A Small Rental Covers EVERYTHING!

Make sure you RENT as soon as conditions permit—

Opening rentals less than 3/6 per week —reducing after 6 months.

Radio Rentals Ltd. (The World's Largest Radio Renting Organisation), 92 Regent Street, London, W.1. 80 Branches throughout the country.

Everybody told me Fynnon Salt would be good for my
RHEUMATISM

How many people owe their relief from rheumatism to a friendly helpful word spoken in sympathy? Good news has a way of spreading very quickly, and this accounts for the immense popularity of Fynnon Salt.

Fynnon Salt exercises a beneficial effect on the kidneys and bowels . . . this doubly helpful action can bring great relief to sufferers from almost any form of rheumatism. If you, too, are suffering, get a supply of Fynnon Salt today. Large size 1/6 (Inc. Pur. Tax)

FYNNON SALT
For RHEUMATISM

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Mx. (569)

"Mine's a labour-saving Target"

"Getting some up-to-date equipment for the home will make my day so much easier. That's why I say Saving for my target's no trouble. I do it the easy way—through National Savings. To my mind, the Chancellor's challenge invites us all to save up and do ourselves a good turn. So that when the things we want are to be had again we've got the money put by."

FOR YOUR OWN SAKE **SAVE**

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BRITAIN'S TARGET • £520 MILLION BY APRIL

Jottings from a housewife's Diary

"This Christmas I have told the children to hang up the longest stockings they can find. A visit to the Co-operative Stores and a glance at the credit balance in my dividend book convinced me that they will not be disappointed."

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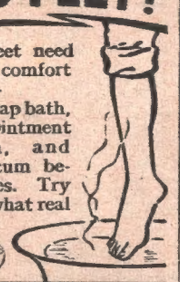
TIRED FEET?

Hot, tired feet need the threefold comfort treatment:— A Cuticura Soap bath, Cuticura Ointment application, and Cuticura Talcum between the toes. Try it and know what real foot comfort is like.



264

Cuticura OINTMENT

46/5

Hurrah for **Spa**

(reg'd)

Nylon or Bristle

There is no finer toothbrush made — anywhere. It's a quality article in every sense of the word. Clean-cut tufts. Correctly-shaped head — long or short. Fine finish. SPA — a superb toothbrush.

John Freeman & Co., Ltd., "Spa" Brush Works, Chesham, Bucks.

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D.C.L. VITAMIN B_1 YEAST TABLETS promote day-long energy-extra vigour-improved health . . .

TAKE 3 D.C.L. Vitamin B_1 Yeast Tablets (or as prescribed by the physician) every day and you will find yourself in better health and with increased energy for work or play.

RICH IN VITAMIN B_1

These tablets consist wholly of yeast, each ounce of which has developed during cell growth a natural Vitamin B potency equivalent to that of 25 milligrams of aneurin hydrochloride, 1.4 milligrams of roboflavin, and 8 milligrams of nicotinic acid. Each tablet has a Vitamin B_1 potency of 100 International Units (approx.), and is rich in proteins and other nutrients. The tablets contain NO DRUGS.

DCL *Vitamin B_1* YEAST TABLETS

From all Chemists **2/3** (50 *tablets*) **& 3/9** (100 *tablets*)

Sole Manufacturers: THE DISTILLERS COMPANY LTD., EDINBURGH

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Healthy hair again with Silvikrin

Have strain, sickness and lack of care damaged *your* hair? Is it now dull, 'dead', dandruffy? If your mirror says 'yes', don't wait—buy a bottle of Silvikrin today, and massage it into the roots. Silvikrin is the hair's natural *food*. If the roots are alive, it can grow you a fine new head of healthy hair.

GONE SOON —dandruff —deadness —dryness —dullness

Silvikrin FOR HAIR HEALTH

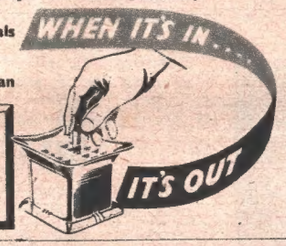
I-140

300,000,000 FIRE RISKS EVERY DAY!

300,000,000 cigarettes are smoked every day in this country — every one could start a fire! Official records prove that more fires are started by cigarette ends than in any other way. And there are 1,000 fires a day in Britain alone.

The Ronson Fire Prevention Ashtray guards against fire: *drop* a cigarette into one of its safety-cells and it's out—*immediately*. The cigarette can't smoulder, it can't fall out, it *can't* start a fire. Put a Ronson Fire Prevention Ashtray in every room — they're attractive and invite use. You'll find them in many of your local shops. Ask about them today.

- No Fumes
- No Chemicals or Water
- No Mess
- Easy to Clean



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To-day
Hercules

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD · ASTON · BIRMINGHAM

Where is the evidence?

You've had a fair sample of Government control during the past seven years and if you like it, you'll like the British Transport Commission.

Even the leading advocates of State Monopoly admit that it is an experiment.

Where is the evidence that under State Monopoly the buses could be run as well as they are now?

BRITISH BUSES

The British Omnibus Companies Public Relations Committee CVS-251D

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REPLACE THAT WORN 'PART'

REPLACE IT WITH A GENUINE PHILLIPS CYCLE FITMENT

Produced by the Specialist Firm that has concentrated for over 50 years in manufacturing fine-precision parts for the World's Cycles.

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PHILLIPS CYCLE FITMENTS

Odolise and be Idolised

Let your smile be the winning smile, the smile that reveals the gleam of pearly teeth.
Take no chances with it. Be sure you use Odol, for Odol is the safest, the smoothest, the most refreshing way to make and keep your teeth like pearls.

If you prefer powder, try Odol Tooth Powder. Smooth, refreshing and delightful. 10½d. & 6d.

TOOTH-PASTE	1/3
SOLID DENTIFRICE	1/3 & 9d.
TOOTH POWDER	10½d. & 6d.
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All prices include Purchase Tax.

Keep the winning
Odol
Smile!

For men in a hurry

WARDONIA BLADES
FOR QUICKER SHAVES

VENO'S

The Recognised dependable Way of dealing with **COUGHS**

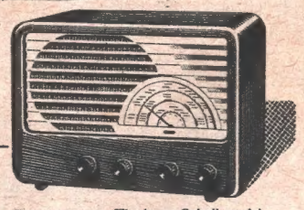
1/4 per bottle (inc. Tax)

More people than ever are saying

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD CIGARETTES · PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED
[NCC.610.H]

THE BETTER WE MAKE IT
THE LESS IT COSTS US



Sounds wrong—but it isn't. Because we guarantee to keep every Sobell set in perfect working order for two years at our own expense, it obviously pays us to make radios that are so good they will *very rarely* go wrong. Tens of thousands of people have bought Sobell Radio this year. *They* know how good is the set and how splendid the service. Order from your Dealer—we will do the rest.

The latest Sobell model the 516, is a 5 valve set with 6 valve performance. Price 20 Gns. plus £4.10.4 purchase tax.

SOBELL RADIO

2 YEARS' FREE ALL-IN SERVICE IN THE HOME

Advt. of Sobell Industries Ltd., Langley Park, Nr. Slough, Bucks.

Poor old fellow! They're hard on a dog — these cold wet days! Walks are so often impossible. And that's why one Bob Martin's once a day is especially important to your dog in winter. It helps to keep his blood pure in spite of fewer walks. Helps him to grow a snug warm winter coat. Helps to keep him a lively good-tempered companion.

IN PACKETS, 9 FOR 7d.

BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit

BRITISH WINES
WITH A NAME YOU KNOW "BEHIND" THEM

For over 50 years the name "WHITEWAY" on a label has been a guarantee of purity and quality. When purchasing Whiteway's Port-Style Wines and British Sherry you can be sure that, from the time the Grapes are gathered in the Vineyards of the "Sunny South" until the Wine has reached the final stage of blending and maturing at our Winery in "Glorious Devon," the greatest care has been taken in every process of production.

The 'Whiteway' Brand British Wines are sold under the Certificate of the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene.

CVS-87

JOHN BULL

186 HIGH HOLBORN W.C.1

DECEMBER 28 1946
VOLUME 80 · NUMBER 2115

Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468
Telegrams: Heroically, Westcent, London

NOW FOR THE "NEW DEAL"

Under New Management

NEXT WEDNESDAY, the nationalization of the coal industry comes into effect when the mines pass under the control of the National Coal Board.

The way is at last clear for that "better deal" for which the miners have waited a hundred years. What can we do to ensure that they get it—and as quickly as possible?

Well, the mines now belong to us and it is our plain duty not only to try to understand their problems better, but to insist on the efficient and far-sighted management which is obviously needed to meet the present situation.

The provision of new equipment, interrupted by the war, has, says Mr. Shinwell, improved in recent months. But the real key to more coal is the human factor, that of the miner with the bitter memories.

If he believes—and there is already good evidence that he does so believe—that the State is going to be a just, generous and trustworthy employer, he will not only work himself, in the best traditions of the industry, but he will let his son, too, go down the pit.

We must not forget that miners tend to be a race a little apart from other workers. From the nature of their work they live in self-contained communities, each dependent on a colliery or group of collieries—which was why in the past such hardship was caused by the closing of pits for purely commercial reasons.

You cannot fool these mining communities about their own sectors of the industry. Each man knows all about the local mine and its management. It represents his life work and his family's bread and butter.

If the State runs those mines well, and to the miners' satisfaction, we shall get the colliery recruits we need and the coal we must have.

But we, the public, are now ultimately responsible. No longer can we blame profit-seeking colliery owners if things go wrong. We do not want profits, but the loss will be ours if the nation's coal supplies break down. So we should remember the mines—and the miners—and hasten the "new deal" by every democratic means in our power.

A British Success

ON THE LAST DAY of this year the great exhibition, "Britain Can Make It," which has fully justified its title to the whole world, will close.

The exhibition has been both a romance and a triumph. Originally intended mainly to impress foreign buyers with the excellence of British goods, and so to stimulate our vital export trade, it unexpectedly turned out to be a great box office success with the home public.

By the time the doors close next Tuesday night, more than a million and a half people will have seen the show.

And the foreign buyers have come, too. Between seven and eight thousand have reported themselves and asked for official guidance. Many others are known to have mingled with the crowds, placed their orders, and gone away uncounted.

Special trade missions have come from most European countries, from the Middle East, and from the South American republics. Whether to the stripped and battered countries, or the rich, undamaged ones, the craftsmanship and brilliant ideas of British designers appeal. A typical result is that of the Sheffield firm which has twice as many orders as it can cope with in the coming year.

The gain to our prestige overseas, moreover, is vast. The Council of Industrial Design, which organized the exhibition, deserves the highest praise.

What remains to be done—and how much that implies!—is to produce the goods the world wants in sufficient quantities with the least delay.

In the meantime, this exhibition ought to travel, and preferably to travel abroad. We have Sir Stafford Cripps's assurance that it will at least be seen in the British provinces.

Let's Try This One

WE HAVE HAD OUR extra meat, sugar, chocolates and sweets for Christmas. But a New Year of considerable austerity looms ahead, beginning with the next new rationing period on January 4. The gala days of surplus BUs being turned into points are over.

Mr. Strachey, the Food Minister, has told us, and even his bitterest critics broadly accept the facts, that troubles overseas and the decline in the purchasing power of our money in America make it impossible to lessen the severity of rationing. Indeed, we may yet fare worse with some foods than in the past; the sugar supply is almost the only bright spot.

Now, since we must face this situation, what can be done to make it less irksome?

The complaint about our diet is commonly a double one — that it is meagre and that it is monotonous. Therefore, if meagre it must remain, can it be made less monotonous?

Mr. Strachey promised us more variety in food supplies when he was appointed Food Minister. Since then he has been beset by difficulties, but his first resolution for 1947 should be to implement that early promise.

An occasional shipload of oranges, allocated to one region, or some poultry allocated to another and absorbed there by the hotels, does not meet the need.

Let the dieticians and supply experts sit down together, list a wide variety of foodstuffs (including of course the basic ones) and work out a scheme to ring the changes on our bulk purchases over the months. Let the emphasis be on change even more than on quantity.

At the same time judicious propaganda at home should encourage the more conservative-minded housewife to buy and cook any novel foods which may now be neglected. It is worth trying!

the cover

There are few of us too old to enjoy the charm of pantomime. Apart from its association with Christmas, pantomime has a quality of its own, half-dream and half-burlesque. Henry Hoyland revels in this atmosphere. He has travelled with circuses and gave a one-man show of circus pictures in 1938. This led him to pantomime. He set to work preparing material for an exhibition of pantomime pictures but the war interrupted his plans, and the Air Ministry claimed him for special camouflage work. For this week's cover painting Hoyland used sketches made during a production of "Red Riding Hood." He came to know the show so well that he could time his visits to the theatre with the appearance of his favourite characters such as Simple Simon, who is depicted here. Hoyland's work has been bought by the Royal Academy, and exhibited in many of our provincial art galleries.

To do you justice

You'll know the new GOR-RAY skirt at a glance. Fine material, eight stylish pleats and neat snugly-fitting waist-line—stocked by the leading shops—look for the genuine GOR-RAY label, you can't mistake it

GOR-RAY Registered

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond St W1

When rations threaten *contabescence

Then more's the need for **schweppervescence

* Contabescence (n) The process of wasting away. (*Oxford English Dictionary*).

** Schweppervescence (n) The sine qua non of the better Table Waters that will return with Schweppes . . . eventually.

You will eventually USE

SPA

LOW MELTING POINT GELATINE

BECAUSE "Spa" is bringing new dishes—new variety to the domestic table. It has dozens of uses hitherto considered impossible in cookery. It is a pure protein with no taste, no odour, no colour. Price 1/- per ½-lb. See that you are served from the "Spa" tin.

"Spa" must be used with the special Recipe Book—available at 2d. from most retailers or from address below.

B. YOUNG & CO. LTD.
2, "SPA" WORKS, GRANGE RD. LONDON, S.E.1

—so why not now?

Britain's Best Rainwear for men, women and children

I'll bet that's a BARACUTA

'BARACUTA' · BRITAIN · U.S.A. · CANADA

BARACUTA (CLOTHIERS) LTD · MANCHESTER 4

GROWING UP ON THE COCOA HABIT

It's while they're growing that they most need a daily drink that satisfies: and Bournville Cocoa, creamy and chocolatey, satisfies both taste and tummy! Extra rich in cocoa butter—so remember that the Bournville Cocoa habit actually adds to the family fat ration. Bournville Cocoa every day makes your milk supply go further, too, being delicious made with half-milk-half-water or powdered milk.

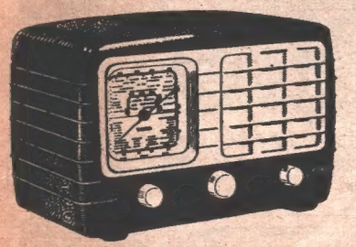
CADBURYS

BOURNVILLE COCOA

The happy family habit

Lovely to look at

. . . still better to hear!



Supplies are slow—but steadily increasing. Get your name down. Write for the address of your nearest Ultra dealer.

new

ULTRA RADIO

Model T401 £15.0.0 Plus £3.4.6 pur. tax

More than a set—it's a service

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THE LATHER DOES IT!

OXYDOL

THE COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD SOAP POWDER

3½d. and 7d. *A Class 1 Product*

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

"Jolly good biscuits!"

A meal makes the railway journey seem shorter. And Weston biscuits give a happy ending to the meal. Tempting and satisfying, made from the finest ingredients obtainable, they are a first-class food.

Weston

WISDOM

"When I grow up, I'll go out to parties *every* evening!" So said we, when we were very young.

But most of us, as we grow older, find that a chair by our own fireside is a remarkably comfortable place. And many of us, as bedtime approaches, like to indulge in the soothing nourishment that Horlicks provides. We like its assurance of sound sleep, its promise of new energy for tomorrow.

Available supplies of Horlicks are being shared out as fairly as possible.

HORLICKS

How to cut down your QUEUEING

Don't wear yourself out "shopping around" for extras to help out the meat ration. Instead, serve plenty of vegetables, made tempting with Symington's savoury Vite-Gravy. Try this new "Vite-Gravy and Vegetables" plan, which saves you needless queueing and gives you more "time-off".

Dish up with SYMINGTON'S

VITE-GRAVY

and make the most of your meals

7½d. & 2½d. A PACKET

PRECISION WITH ELEGANCE

Accurist No. 23 in Bronsteel £10 . 5 . 0

Accurist WATCHES

5 years' written guarantee

Limited quantities of this and other Accurist models are available. Write for catalogue showing the full range of Accurist watches in Gold and Bronsteel at prices from 8 guineas to £30.

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From

HEAD TO FOOT

Beaucaire

The Superb Dry Cleaner

keeps clothes smart and clean

From stores, drapers ironmongers and chemists

PRICE 1/-, 2/- AND 5/- PER BOTTLE

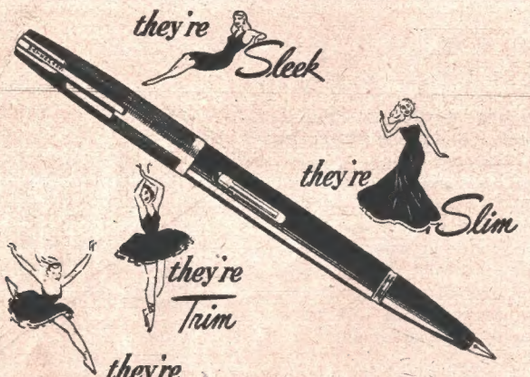
Beaucaire Laboratories, Vauxhall Grove, London, S.W.8

PRINTED FOR THE BREWERS' SOCIETY

WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN

It was after the discovery of Australia by Captain Cook that certain inn signs first appeared (notably one on the Greenwich Road) showing a globe reversed, with a man walking head downwards at the bottom Pole. We all like to be startled by the reversal of the hum-drum. Topsy-turvydom has ever tickled men's humour — and many an artist has taken delight in picturing the fox chasing the huntsman, horses reversed in the shafts, and similar pleasantries. Such conceits are an innocent relief from the hard facts of life; and are thus truly fitting to the sign-board of an English inn — home of good humour and relaxation in days gone by and to come.

Engraving specially designed by John Farleigh



Waterman's *Taperite*

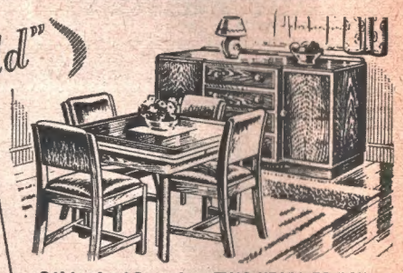
Waterman Pen Co. Ltd. 'The Pen Corner' 41, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

JAYS FURNISHING STORES *are now featuring the New Utility*

FURNITURE DE LUXE

Proprietors: Gosford Furnishing Co. Ltd.

THE "Cotswold" SUITE



CASH or EASY TERMS

Either a single piece or the complete suite can be bought. Prices of individual pieces in Oak are as follows:—

Table	£10 . 17 . 3
Sideboard	18 . 16 . 9
Chairs (set of 4)	11 . 4 . 0
CASH PRICE	£40 . 18 . 0
Minimum Monthly Terms	£1 . 16 . 0

2/6 in the £ Deposit — TWO YEARS TO PAY

The new higher-grade Utility Suites, gracefully proportioned, and beautifully executed in Mahogany, also in Natural, Medium and Dark Oak, are on offer at JAYS. Come and see them.

248-250 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1. Branches throughout Britain

Try MACKESON'S STOUT

You'll like it better!

Bird Hints by **CAPERNS**

No. 3

Give your Canary a luke warm bath twice a week in time to be dry before evening. It also needs fresh seed and drinking water every day, and both should be perfectly clean.

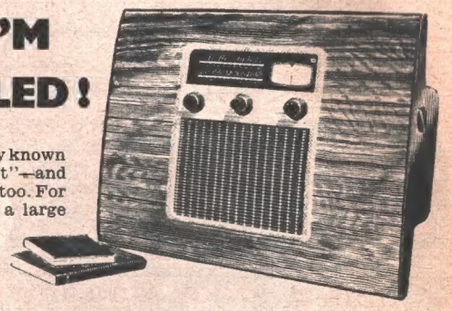
CAPERNS

Seed with Egg Flake

in packets Sealed against dust

Caperns Ltd., Bristol 1

WELL I'M BAFFLED!



The A104 is already known as the "Baffle Set"—and a very good name too. For it is in fact just a large (and beautiful) baffle board with the 'works' attached at the rear. You may not know or care what *baffle board* means but your ears will tell you what this design means in improved reproduction. Orders for this model are very big indeed and you may have to wait a bit for delivery. But the A104 is worth waiting for!

murphy

A104 A.C. Mains only. Price £30 . 11 . 1. including Purchase Tax.

Murphy Radio, Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

C.R.C. 209

No sooner **Vim** *than done!*

Because VIM is the speediest cleanser

8d per canister

Selling Agents: Hudson & Knight Limited

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Walters'

"Palm"

TOFFEE

BEST FOR BOYS— AND GIRLS TOO!

PARNALL **WRINGLET** WRINGING MACHINE

PARNALL (YATE) LIMITED · BRISTOL

WE MUST TACKLE THE "BAD FAMILIES"

JOHN BULL PUTS THE CASE FOR A NEW NATIONAL SERVICE

THE CURTIS REPORT DREW ATTENTION to one big defect in our social system—the drab, regimented existence of parentless children in institutions throughout the country.

This week JOHN BULL draws attention to an even deeper, more obstinate problem.

There remains in Britain today a substratum of socially-defective families. Families in which children are begotten and brought up in conditions of appalling squalor.

They are not simply a problem of poverty. As life in general improves, the existence of a permanent "hard core" of Bad Families, in which the parents are often mentally subnormal, has become ever more clearly revealed.

A recent survey of one town leads to the distressing conclusion that no fewer than three children in every hundred are brought up AT HOME in conditions that would have been shocking a hundred years ago.

JOHN BULL calls on the Ministry of Health to tackle the Bad Families. A completely new service of full-time workers must be organized and trained to keep in daily touch with the problem homes.

This is not a question of a new army of snoopers. It's a question of a new sort of N.F.S.—a National Family Service to clean up one of the outlying plague spots in the structure of our British way of life.

THE EDITOR

THE FOLLOWING IS *not* a quotation from Dickens, describing the life of slum children a hundred years ago:

"Some of the children are dull and feeble-minded. From their appearance they are strangers to soap and water, toothbrush and comb; their clothing is dirty and torn . . . often they are verminous and have scabies and impetigo. The 'home,' if indeed it can be described as such, has usually the most striking characteristics. Nauseating odours assail one's nostrils on entry, and the source is usually located in some urine-sodden, faecal-stained mattress in an upstairs room. There are no floor coverings, no decorations on the walls except perhaps the scribblings of the children and bizarre patterns formed by absent plaster."

Nor is it an extract from the Curtis Report on the condition of parentless children in Britain today—a report which has lately disturbed the conscience of the nation. It is quoted in a recent survey, not so widely publicised but equally sensational and disturbing.

The Curtis Report told of children, generally well cared for physically, who were starved emotionally because they lived in institutions against a regimented, drab, loveless background.

This new report is about children not in homes but at home: not necessarily in the homes of the poor but in the homes of problem families, families so defective socially that they require excessive supervision and control for their well-being and for the well-being of everyone.

Medical officers of health, probation officers, N.S.P.C.C. inspectors have long known that there are certain families which need a disproportionate amount of social servicing and supervision.

These families have not kept pace with social progress; they are a drag on everyone else.

For example, in one family-group of 387 individuals, in seven generations 157 were maintained out of local rates for a period aggregating 94,231 days—that is 258 years.

Families can have bad luck, but no normal family has luck quite as bad as that.

Unemployment and poverty can cripple and mar family life, but these factors do not, automatically, produce problem families. Problem families are not always the poorest members of the community: they are the people who get the poor a bad name. They are the few who *do* keep coal in the bath.

With the increase of social services—family allowances, health visiting and more education—it was optimistically believed that such things as persistent lousiness, ill-clad children, localized squalor, would vanish from the face of Britain.

They have not vanished.

More social services have made these problem families, the unresponsive few, the bad neighbours, more noticeable.

The improvement in standards has also made them less tolerable in a community where an increasing proportion of the people use State schools and other State services.

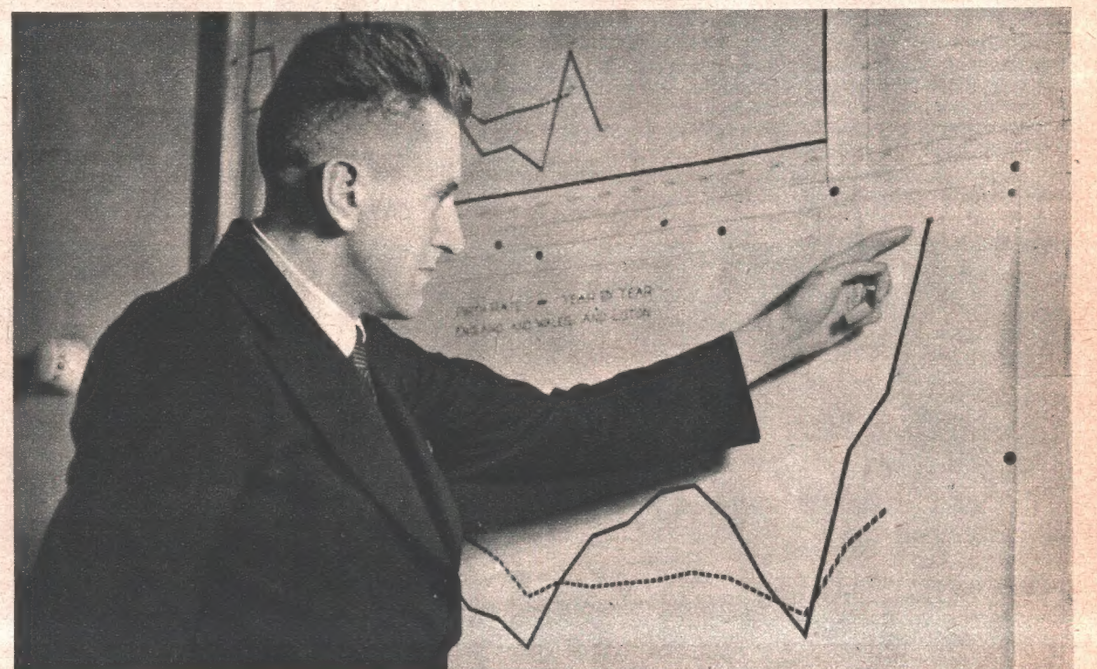
For the truth is that there exists in Britain today a hard core of bad managers: the "submerged tenth" of sluttish, often mentally subnormal people who would be a serious enough problem if they were individuals. But they are not. They beget and "bring up" children. They are mainly the parents of large families. And this problem of the derelict family has been even more clearly revealed by the receding tide of real economic hardship. Until recently we had few facts and fewer figures. Now we have both. A searchlight has been shone on one English town, the town of Luton, by the senior administrative officer of its public health department, Charles G. Tomlinson.

Luton is a young, expanding industrial town of 112,000 persons: there is little or no legacy from the grim nineteenth century.

It is a town remarkable for its large proportion of highly skilled workers. Anyone knowing the grimmer towns of the north would not say that Tomlinson was lifting the top off an obvious sink and proclaiming that there was a bad smell.

But the state of affairs his survey reveals can be considered average for Great Britain, if not above the average.

How many families were discovered in Luton who were problems, not because of old age, accidents, economic misfortune, illness or pregnancy, but because their members just would not, or could not,



Charles G. Tomlinson, Luton official, points to a steeply rising birth-rate curve. But in what sort of homes will the children live? His disturbing survey of Luton's "bad families" goes for the rest of Britain, too

be good neighbours and satisfactory parents according to present-day standards.

How many parents were only building untidy sparrows' nests of homes when the opportunity for something better was available?

One family in two hundred in Luton is a problem family and one person in every hundred is a member of a problem family.

That is what Tomlinson and his team of workers found. And it's probably true of your town too.

The Curtis Report dealt with the circumstances of only 124,000 children. If one family in every two hundred in Britain is brought up in a "sparrow's nest," a grossly unsatisfactory home and growing-ground for children, the condition of the nation's children at home is even more shocking than the state of those in institutions. Many more children are involved; remedies are harder to apply.

From the Tomlinson survey of Luton a representative picture emerges of the home circumstances of three in every hundred children in Britain today.

A mother is the keystone of a family. Here is a portrait of what "mother" means to about a quarter of a million British children:

It is a one-in-three chance that the problem mother was married before she was nineteen. It is an even chance that she will be the mother of at least five children.

"The fertility of some of these women is startling," says the survey. "One has borne nineteen children of whom eight died in infancy. Thirty other problem mothers have borne 259 children between them."

Subnormal—Criminal—Dirty

The chances are *in favour* of one or both parents being of subnormal mental capacity. And again, the chances are about evens that one or more members of the family will be "known" to the police. There is a one-in-six chance that there will be a gap at the family table—someone in prison, remand home or approved school.

Here is a story among other family histories in the Tomlinson Survey: "A man married a widow with two children. She bore him eight more children and then died. He has now had a child by his eldest stepdaughter"

Another: "Mrs. X, a woman aged thirty-one, has borne five children in seven years. Her case report reads: 'She is dirty in appearance and inadequately clothed—her breasts were exposed through large holes in her woollen jumper.'"

Children with faces as clean (and as blank) as a newly peeled potato file into cold dining-halls in our institutions. Of the children living with their parents in problem homes, one in three will be found to be verminous. Over eighty per cent of the homes are continually in filthiness and disorder.

Yet forty-five per cent of such families are living in modern houses with bathrooms.

In Luton the distribution of these people, who make a little slum wherever they go, is "surprisingly widespread and even the better-class residential districts are not entirely exempt."

The problem families are mostly, of course, living under very unsatisfactory housing conditions. So, too, are a lot of other people.

"In a street of mean houses it is conspicuous by its air of dejection. . . ."

"It" is the home of the child, young Three-in-every-hundred, whose background we are learning.

Everything, it is often said, is "a matter of economics."

Faced with such facts as these it is not easy to disentangle the threads of what is caused by "economics" and what is caused by the stuff that people are made of—or are not made of. Some people, it seems, have internal power to deal with circumstances and some people just have not.

The problem parents face much the same circumstances as ourselves. Look through the Luton lists—shopkeeper, bus driver, electrical engineer, factory hand, steeplejack, barman, railwayman, milk roundsman, window cleaner. Those are trades that happy families usually come from.

After allowing for rent, rates and compulsory insurance contributions, the average net income *per head* of problem families is 17s. 8d. (year 1945).

Many of the families, obviously, are near the poverty line. Their margin of safety is only sufficient if money is spent wisely and mother (and father) manage well. The tragedy is that they cannot, or do not.

Such, then, is the background, the "home life," of many thousands of children in Britain today.

A comforting fact is that the average nutrition-state of the children is fairly good.

By bread-alone standards the children (like the Curtis Report children) suffer little disability. But the new Britain demands something more than beefy delinquents, neurotics and illiterates.

Another comforting fact—their school attendance is surprisingly good.

To take advantage of educational opportunity, however, a child must have a happy home life, freedom from overcrowding, sufficient sleep, a secure emotional background—conditions wholly denied to the child in a problem family.

The complete tragic picture is one of average seed struggling valiantly on stony ground—and failing. The stones are mentally subnormal parents, illegitimacy, broken homes, mothers worn and defeated by frequent childbearing, alcoholism, ignorance and inertia.

Face this fact. It is a terrible one. It poses a problem of a new kind. It is primarily one of human relationships, a twentieth-century problem.

Legislation could in the past, with the stroke of a Minister's pen, stop little children working in the mines and factories—but legislation alone cannot put a smile on the face of a single small workhouse child nor, with one magic touch, turn a slatternly woman into someone with the knowledge and qualities usually associated with "mother."

Until now our national problems have been largely concerned with quantities—calories, wages, hours. Today we have equally important problems, harder to solve, concerned with quality. The *quality* of thousands of children's lives is bad and must be made better.

The unsatisfactory home—one in every two hundred—is not, then, a problem that a Bill in Parliament can immediately solve, but is a multiplicity of minor problems, each one of which must be understood and then patiently remedied.

A solution cannot be found by taking the children away from unsatisfactory parents and placing them in unsatisfactory institutions.

The payment of family allowances, which began last August, may rescue some families. One Luton family, for example, benefits by an increase in income of £2 5s. a week. But more shillings do not automatically bring more sense. These problem families arise as much from lack of social and money sense as from real hardship.

In the future, too, it will be possible to rehouse those families whose present situation is admittedly bad. But a new house with a bath is, as we have seen, not always a solution.

Remedial action must go deeper, must be more local, more personal, than these nation-wide efforts.

Each problem family is a unique complex of special circumstances. All the facts must be known by *someone*; they must not appear only as a part of a greater picture, statistical and inhuman, in some Government office.

Trained, sympathetic, patient social workers are the people who can touch this problem, rescue the children and clean up these stinking, ill-managed "homes." Charity, grants and allowances, maternity benefits, legislation, cannot alone change them.

Health visitors exist; their numbers have been below establishment for nearly three years. For this reason they are clinic-bound and cannot get out and visit families in the way that some families should be visited. Yet these hard-working people, having won the confidence of mothers, can do much to keep a family straight. There must be many more health visitors.

But what we really need—the suggestion comes from Tomlinson—is an entirely new service to tackle this problem, a body of case-workers who can give full-time attention to the problem families; workers who, if necessary, "can do a job of rehabilitation by manual work."

Example to the Nation

Pacifist Service Units in Manchester and Liverpool have shown the way. The good results of their work at home-mending answer pessimists who declare human nature can never be changed, that there will always be feckless mothers and fetid slums.

Their workers were not an army of prodnoses, nor were they a number of cranky charwomen sent in by the corporation to clear up a mess. They *did* scrub floors, paper and paint, clean little children who had never known a wash, much less a bath, and show mothers how to cook and clean.

More important, a worker was always at hand, however hopeless a family seemed, ready to help with encouragement and another pair of hands.

Norwich City Council has made a start by appointing a "home-adviser" to visit derelict and near-derelict families. Tomlinson estimates that a team of six such workers could do much in Luton.

The Minister of Health cannot create such workers overnight but, where they exist, they must be given, now, the priority of Commandos in wartime. Many more must be trained. Our towns and cities have fire engines to save houses; we must now have, to protect homes, a new N.F.S.—a National Family Service.

Three children in every hundred in the British Isles are concerned, and vitally concerned.

Certainly improve the cheerless conditions under which parentless children live in institutions.

Do not, however, forget the even greater number of children in "bad families"—children who live with unsatisfactory parents in shocking homes.

We—all of us—are responsible for seeing that a great change is made, and made quickly.

LESLIE BREWER

Here is a picture from Slumland — hardly a fit environment for any young citizen of a brave new Britain. Yet a new house with a bath may not of itself reform a "bad family." Human backwardness is often the cause of the problem

PRIESTLEY'S PAGE

Every week J. B. Priestley expresses his views on topics raised by John Bull readers. If you have a question to ask him, send it, preferably on a postcard, to the Editor, who will forward interesting subjects to Mr. Priestley

"In view of many complaints about under-production, is the British worker lazy or tired, or both?"

A bit of both, as most of us are, but there is something else, too. The people are being constantly nagged at but are not being inspired. It is a mistake, in my view, to keep on telling people that they must produce more. What is needed is an enthusiastic state of mind that would make most people *want* to work harder and more efficiently.

Nor do I believe that fear is the best spur. The gigantic effort made by our people in the months following Dunkirk was not, in my opinion, chiefly inspired by fear but by a sudden and warmly enthusiastic feeling of belief and confidence in our national cause.

Again, it is generally assumed in anti-Soviet circles that the Russian people are driven by fear to toil away at their various Five Year plans. I do not agree with this. Most of the Russians believe in those plans, and they are encouraged in various ways to do their best.

Here we have not done enough to recharge with purpose and enthusiasm the atmosphere of apathy and cynicism that inevitably follows a long and severe war. The arguments of the economists, who explain why we should produce more, are sound, but they will not do the trick because they do not move men emotionally.

And the springs of action are more often found in emotion than in reason.

"Is Stalin (a) a single-minded idealist, (b) an astute power politician, (c) a glory-seeking Alexander or (d) something quite different?"

I don't know Stalin, so that your guess is as good as mine. My own guess is (d) above; in other words, that Stalin does not conform to any familiar pattern.

What I certainly do not believe about the Soviet leaders is that they are simply ruthless careerists, bent on staying in power for what power brings them personally.

Although the development of the Soviet system during these last ten years has tended to give more and more privileges to certain groups — officials, managers, scientists, actors, authors and the like—I believe that the reason for doing this has nothing to do with any selfish notion of creating a class society. It has much more to do with the creation of incentives for gifted and highly-trained persons to work as hard as they can for the State. And it should be remembered that the privileges go with the job. This may not be ideal, but it is a lot better than the kind of society in which some of the most useless people get the best of everything. (A kind of society that most anti-Soviet propagandists do not mind at all.)

Finally, it should be remembered that Stalin is a Georgian, from the remote Caucasus, and therefore is not likely to fit neatly into any of our Western European pigeon-holes.

But all the stories I have heard about him suggest that he is a shrewd realist, with plenty of humour, and without the megalomania that afflicts so many men in power.

"What do you think about tipping? Should it be abolished in favour of a percentage service charge?"

The service charge, sometimes fifteen per cent, which is customary on the Continent and is now fairly common in British hotels, has always seemed to me something of a racket. If the hotel can add fifteen per cent to your bill for service, why should it not add another ten per cent for use of furniture, ten per cent for light and heat, and so on? Surely a reasonable amount of service goes with the price of the room! Why should the guest have to pay a substantial extra sum for having his room cleaned, his bed made, or his meals brought to him? This charge amounts to compulsory tipping, on a fairly high scale, without reference to the *quality* of service the guest has had.

This has never seemed to me good enough. Service in an hotel or restaurant varies enormously in quality. There is all the difference between a friendly, helpful waiter or chambermaid and one who gets through his or her work in the easiest and most slapdash manner. And this is where the tip comes in. It varies according to the quality of the service received: a good waiter gets a good tip, a bad waiter a bad tip.

But the service charge guarantees no particular standard of service. All it does is to relieve hotel proprietors of some of their expenses, and it has been proved—as in a recent Blackpool inquiry—that in some instances the proprietors have retained a large part of the service charges.

Meanwhile, waiters and maids cannot help hoping for tips in addition to the service charges. Thus the guest may find himself paying the additional fifteen per cent and giving tips as well.

It has been suggested that tipping should be abolished and replaced by good wages. This sounds all right, but the fact remains that attending to guests is not like an ordinary job.

I suspect that waiting, which must be a tiring, fussing business, is just one of those special jobs that simply do not fit the ordinary trade union rules; and that, until human nature is altogether more bright and beautiful than it is now, tipping will prove necessary as an incentive to the waiter to do his best.

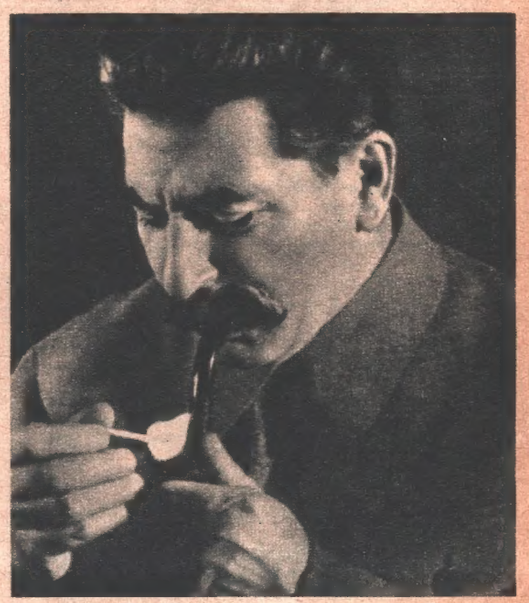
But that does not mean that I favour the lavish tipping that is too common these days. In the long run lavish tipping is bad for everybody.

"Do you make New Year resolutions—and if so what sort of resolutions are they?"

No, I do not. I have never found it possible to regulate my inner life according to the calendar. I have made—and tried to keep—various good resolutions in my time, but have not dated them from January 1. But of course if you find that the calendar helps—and I can see that in some cases it might—then go ahead and prepare for the New Year.

If we all made a resolution to do nothing that would add to international misunderstanding, and at the same time to do everything within our power to help the One World conception, then we should all feel happier in 1947 than we have done in 1946.

A more personal good resolution would be to demand of ourselves that we examine our own minds rather more carefully in future, refusing to be swayed so often by prejudice, and doing more real thinking.



Stalin—idealist or power-grabber? Priestley has his own answer to that question

TALKING POINTS ABOUT PANTOMIMES

THIS CHRISTMAS, "MOTHER GOOSE" (at the London Casino) cost £20,000 to put on—twice the pre-war figure. It has a cast of one hundred. About 300 other pantomimes, all over Britain, are costing nearly £6,000,000 and employing 60,000 people. In 1938, a peak year for "panto," £3,000,000 was spent on 280 shows.

★ ★ ★

The word pantomime means "dumb show." Strolling players in seventeenth-century France, forbidden by law to speak their parts, mimed them. They put the words of their songs on posters and got the audience to sing them.

★ ★ ★

For more than two hundred years there has been pantomime in London, though it wasn't originally for children—title of the first one was *The Libertine Displayed* (a Don Juan story).

★ ★ ★

Grimaldi, the greatest pantomime figure of all time, first put on *Mother Goose* in 1806. It ran for eighty-four nights, then a record, and his profit was £20,000—say £100,000 in today's values. He played his first part when three.

★ ★ ★

Pantomime has always meant spectacle. The Drury Lane *Jack Frost* show in 1838, for example, staged a Frost Fair on the Thames, during which a balloon went up and showered free passes on the audience. Prompting liquor consumption, the chilly stage scene in the theatre caused drunkenness in the gallery.

★ ★ ★

Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, was the great East End citadel of pantomime and melodrama. It has gone, but Pollock's shop next door still makes the tinted cut-outs for children's theatres which Robert Louis Stevenson immortalized as "penny plain, twopence coloured."

★ ★ ★

"Flying" scenes have always been popular. For a generation Arthur Kirby, holder of patents for many of these devices, has taught Peter Pans to "fly." A sort of marionette apparatus controls their movements—twenty-two feet of sixteen gauge steel wire, joined to steel rope which passes over an aluminium block.

★ ★ ★

Physhe, of Pantomime House, Oozell's Street, Birmingham, rigs out most of the pantos. She employs fifty girls on costume making all the year round. Things are difficult nowadays; coupons are scarce. One dazzling curtain of hers is a blending of aluminium foil and rope.

★ ★ ★

Theatre staffs like pantomime audiences—they eat so much. Pre-war record was a Coliseum show. More than 200,000 people saw it; they ate 75,000 ices and 3,000 pounds of chocolates.

★ ★ ★

Pantomime people have many superstitions. Harry McKelvie, who started, aged twelve, at the Princesses Theatre, Glasgow (his job was ticket-checking), died owner of it. He always had thirteen letters in a panto title. Panto casts, follow custom and never speak the tag-line (last line of the show) till the opening night.

★ ★ ★

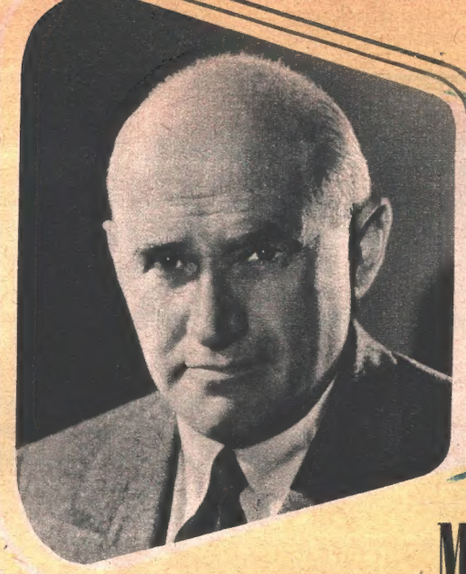
Neither Shaw nor Priestley cares much for pantomime—though G. B. S. relates how he once laughed for half an hour at the comic's seasickness in *Sinbad*. Priestley complains the modern show is getting too sophisticated.

★ ★ ★

Pantomime stories are a queer mixture. *The Babes in the Wood* is an authentic Norfolk crime story, date 1450. How Robin Hood got into it (he is a Nottingham legend of much earlier date) nobody knows.

★ ★ ★

In 1877 the *Graphic* stated that pantomime was dead. The public was tired of too much coloured fire and ballet girls. But the children kept it alive—modern producers, please note. A Manchester manager once had a solemn deputation of protest from a group of youngsters. In his poster, Goldilocks was shown in the *big* bear's bed!



Private View of Sam Goldwyn

MOVIE MALAPROP

IT WAS AFTER A PREVIOUS visit to England that Sam Goldwyn told his publicity men to go slow on his alleged funny sayings, because: "Over there they kept watching my mouth all the time, expecting something to pop out."

Quite early in his career as a film producer, Sam found it a commercially successful proposition to spread about himself the same sort of stories as were manufactured to publicise the model T Ford.

There were times when he massacred the language with humorous effect. A legion of Press agents, building on that original hit-and-miss vocabulary, presented shrewd, successful Sam as a latter-day Malaprop.

"My comedies are not to be laughed at." "I can answer you in two words: 'Im Possible.'" "What's a sundial? It tells time by the sun. My, my, what won't they think of next!" These are typical Goldwynisms which were lifted from comic papers and music hall sketches and pinned on to him for publicity purposes. It is true that he has taken liberties with the English language from time to time, and often with amusing results. He's the man who quitted the Hays Organization with the words: "Gentlemen, include me out."

The determination to be his own boss is the *leit-motif* of his career. He came to England as a small boy from his native Poland, where he was born in Warsaw in 1884. He worked for a time in Manchester. His relatives began to exercise too much authority, so he left for America at the age of thirteen. There he got a job in a glove factory, earning twelve and six a week.

At fifteen he was selling gloves as a commercial traveller. At eighteen he was one of the best glove salesmen in the States.

IN 1910 Sam married the sister of Jesse Lasky, then famous as a vaudeville producer. In a grimy little cinema in New York, Sam saw some of the 500-feet films of the day. He persuaded his brother-in-law and another acquaintance to join him in forming a film production company.

Their total capital was £4,000. Their first picture was *The Squaw Man*, starring Dustin Farnum at £50 a week and directed by a disgruntled young playwright named Cecil B. De Mille at £20 a week. When it was privately shown, characters appeared cut off at the waist.

The picture, produced in a barn at a rent of £5 a month, had been photographed on three different cameras using three different makes of film-stock, with the result that the holes at the side of the film did not synchronize.

An expert re-cut the sprocket holes and *The Squaw Man* was a great success when it was shown in early 1914. But by 1916 Sam found that he could not work with his associates. He had to be his own boss.

He sold out his share in the company for nine hundred thousand dollars, having made himself almost a dollar millionaire in three years. He formed another company with the Selwyn brothers.

Until now Sam's name had been Goldfish (which was as near as an Ellis Island official had been able to get to the Polish original). Taking the first half of his own name and the second half of the Selwyns', he formed Goldwyn Pictures.

When he parted from them, as he inevitably did, he jettisoned the Goldfish and assumed the hybrid name of the company.

There came the merger which brought him into Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. When, in the inexorable Goldwyn pursuit of complete liberty, he left them, M-G-M brought a lawsuit to restrain Sam from calling himself Goldwyn. They failed.

Goldwyn finances his own films; he produces his own films; he makes only one film at a time; he is the sole arbiter of his own destiny. And for the past thirty years he has justified his methods by setting a higher average standard than any other individual producer in the film business.

STRANGELY ascetic in his private life, he neither drinks nor smokes; he goes for a one-hour walk every day, has a horror of perfume and jewellery. His suits fit without the slightest bulge, since he carries nothing in his pockets, not even money—the final self-indulgence of the movie mogul.

He sleeps out of doors—in California. He reads newspapers from London, New York and Los Angeles daily. He is better informed on Europe than most of Hollywood's alleged intellectuals.

His private life is a model of happiness and discretion (his first marriage was dissolved in 1915 and he married his present wife in 1925).

From his early days as a glove maker, when he arrived at the factory every morning at ten to seven for seven o'clock, Goldwyn has been a glutton for work. Success brings him waves of sombre premonition and depression—he is afraid that he and his workers will lapse into complacency.

"Hollywood is dry of things to say because it has got too far away from the average person," he says, discussing the current lack of first-class American pictures. "That comes of being too rich, which has led to laziness. Hollywood will no longer scratch for new ideas, for honest emotions or for fresh stories. It's too easy to get along, using the same old threadbare formulas."

Sam is a dictator; he can work only if he has absolute power. But his is the opposite of the veto mentality. He craves power, not to say "no," but to say "yes"—to the right man. The Goldwyn standard is, for him, the highest in the world. He may not be able to describe what he wants—but he recognizes it when somebody else produces it. He is a benevolent tyrant—the best is good enough for him.

HUBERT COLE

ON THE TRAIL OF TOMORROW (9)

By the light of an oil-lamp Beckles chats to cottage dwellers. Hopes are that three great hydro-electric schemes will do for the Highlands what the Tennessee Valley project did for America

OVER THE BORDER

All those lochs pouring into the sea—what a waste of good water! New hydro-electric plants may revolutionize Scotland, says John Bull's Special Correspondent. And maybe they'll stop the southward drift of lassies!

by GORDON BECKLES

DUSK IS FALLING IN THE GLEN. Outside the cottage a soft rain—faintly flavoured with wood-smoke—drifts lightly from a leaden cloud that has crept down the hillside to touch the tops of the pine trees and give the grass, by contrast, an unreal and luminous tinge of green.

Inside the whitewashed crofter's cottage my host is trying to light an obstinate oil lamp, to the mutter of what sound like Gaelic oaths. He has been at the job for ten minutes. Sandy is eighty-two. He has lived all his life here in Argyll, as shepherd and gamekeeper and crofter. He complains of the damp as if it were some newfangled intrusion.

By the time the lamp is lit, dusk has fallen. The wet silence is so intense that the sudden cry of a seagull sounds as startling as a banshee.

But the loneliness is an illusion, as we shall see: if you could rub out those clouds, and lift away the mountains for a moment, you might see a different prospect than this outwardly traditional Highland scene.

For the moment, the story of Scotland — its yesterday, today and tomorrow—centres around these crofters' cottages in the Highland glens; around the fathers of the Sandys who emigrated long ago; around the sons of the Sandys down in the factories; around their wilful daughters; and around the Sandy who has just said with a cough and a sigh: "Ah would not re-commend a young man to live here now—a—days."

My friend Sandy is a symbol.

In distant, smoky capital-proud Edinburgh he is even more than that; he is a "PROBLEM." And problems today are as much a principal product of Scotland as paradoxes are of Ireland.

Once upon a time Scotland seemed a straightforward sort of country, its picture clear. The Highlands were, of course, poverty-stricken but picturesque. The two principal exports were emigrants and the best-built ships in the world.

The Ideas are There

Scots are touchy folk and resent criticism.

Today, by graph, statistic, chart and psychological analysis, they can show you in the Government offices in Edinburgh that the whole country between John-o'-Groats and Berwick-on-Tweed is an arena crowded with vital problems, inhibitions, plans, schemes and blue-printed prosperities.

No other area in the British Isles that I have seen can touch Scotland today in awareness of its destiny and of the urgency of the immediate tomorrow.

Take the problem of the damp loneliness of Sandy's glen.

If you follow that glen up and westwards, through a lot of mud, past some labourers who appear to be (and are) talking German, you come on evidence of someone trying to move a mountain. Here is one of the three great post-war Scottish hydro-electric schemes, that of Loch Sloy, which they hope will do as much for the Highlands as the Tennessee Valley project did for the United States.

Over £30,000,000 they are going to cost, and here above Sandy's cottage is three million pounds' worth. They tell you, across in Edinburgh, that at least 6,000,000,000 units of electricity are still pouring wastefully into the sea each year—instead of warming Sandy and keeping the whole Sandy clan at home in the Highlands.

Down near Dumfries I talked with a farmer of 1,200 acres. From a similar scheme, he was keeping his byre, his farmhouse, his poultry and his workers' houses supplied with electricity for thirty shillings a week.

"After we have supplied the Highlands and the islands we will sell to the English grid everything we have left over," they explained in Edinburgh.

Take a Look at the Past

So far, the Loch Sloy project is still in its early stages. Sandy's own view is that he himself is getting on in years but he hopes he will live to see it finished; he views it with Scottish scepticism.

The thing he finds more interesting is that Tom Johnston—lifelong teetotaller and, by all accounts, the greatest Secretary of State in Scottish history—is becoming, by virtue of his post as hydro-electric chief, the licensed landlord of a Loch Sloy tavern for the hydro-electric workers.

"A purely nomeenal post," explains Sandy, with a chuckle.

You must turn the clock back more carefully than usual if you want to guess at the shape of Scotland's tomorrow.

A good moment to start off with is the birth of the Industrial Revolution over a century ago, with the drift southwards of labour from the Highlands and the entry of the North Irish—which has made Glasgow so Celtic a city.

There were the Lanarkshire coalfields, and the Motherwell steel, and the Clyde, with its tidal waters of such uncanny accuracy and value in launching ships otherwise too large for such a stream.

Yet the drift away from Scotland did not stop. They say that since 1890 over a million Scots have gone across the borders and that there are twenty million genuine Scots all over the world today.

About the turn of the century was the peak for the Clyde shipyards; and then again in the first World War; followed by the great slump that came from international trade barriers, over-building, and the rivalry of the Clyde's young pupils—the shipyards of France, Italy, Holland and Japan.

★ ★ ★

What did Scotland do about it?

"Nothing!" said the most belligerent Scot I know in Glasgow. "Nothing!"

Scotland spent most of the twenties and thirties like a bemused and kilted giant wondering what had hit it. Not a typewriter, not a radio, not a gramophone, not a pair of boots came out of Scotland. "We make ships," said the shipbuilders stubbornly; and did nothing about it.

And then another war came to the Clyde to bring it prosperity; and now another peace has brought its problems.

I got on the trail of one of these problems on a wet night in Glasgow, making my way down Sauchiehall Street.

Every hundred yards or so broad windows, pink lights and a spirit of good cheer proclaimed a public house. I went into one on a corner. It was clean, nicely kept, warm, and the atmosphere was quiet and friendly.

"NO WOMEN SERVED," said a placard on the wall. It did not seem very polite. Not far away I went into another hostelry. "NO LADIES," said

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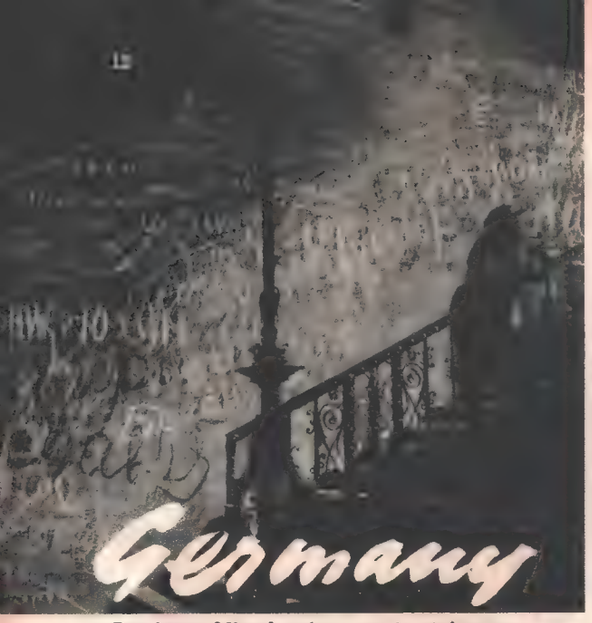

Russian soldier leaning over a stairway in the Reichstag personifies victory in war. But are the allies winning the peace?

Europe in post-war travail has thrown up men like Giannini, whose tirades in Italy bring back ugly memories of Fascism

It's all theirs—if they can pay for it. The "white market" in Greece is really as black as any European black market

Europe WITH T

IT TAKES BARELY SEVENTY MINUTES to get out of England by air. The white-grey cliffs of Dover had hardly faded from my view when I landed in France—and in another world.

Since then, in almost a dozen capitals, I have pondered the sharp contrast between the post-war Continent and this country.

The dispatches of resident newspaper correspondents convey this contrast very inadequately. They have grown into the life of the countries to which they are accredited.

The really hellish atmosphere of party politics and black market corruption in France; the emergence of neo-Fascism in Italy; the sullen hatred of western democracy that is now growing up in devastated Germany; the internecine struggles in the mountains of Greece; the grim, cynical jokes of hungry Austrians; the nerves of once complacent Sweden rattled by bomb-explosions and atomic imaginations. . . .

As an eternal reminder of the war the jeeps crawl across the face of an ancient civilization like bugs over destitute bodies; in Paris as in Berlin, in Rome as in Athens, in Vienna and Brussels, in Trieste and Tripoli the vehicle which has carried forward so many Allied campaigns has come to stay.

The international "government" of the United Nations relief organization (UNRRA) supersedes national sovereignty and food is welded as a grim weapon of the Pax American which is presented to so many as the only alternative to Communism.

I witnessed elections in France, in Italy, in Germany. Do people vote on local issues? No—the voters simply decide whether their masters shall come from the east or the west. It's Tito, Thorez, Togliatti on the one side and Stepinak (Archbishop of Zagreb), de Gaulle and Giannini on the other.

Who are all these men? What do they want?

Eight times since the hilarious days of liberation France has gone to the polls in elections and referenda. Thorez, the Communist, who was in line for Premiership or Presidency has been vilified as a partner in crime of the Nazis because he fled to Russia in 1939 rather than fight for France during the period of the German-Soviet Pact.

"De Gaulle, the dictator" is the constant theme of many who once hailed him as their country's hero. Bidault, the sophisticated professor who led the underground, is assailed as a reactionary and Leon Blum is ridiculed as an abstract theoretician.

Attitude to Britain

There is no charity, no goodwill, so little decency in French internal politics; there are a thousand excuses for the black market, that indestructible heritage of the war.

There is respect for Britain, but, mixed with it, sentiments amounting to reproach because, unlike France, our people have never experienced occupation.

"Been in Britain all these years?" they ask, almost with a sneer. "What do you know of war?"

They admire the fact that "Britain can make it," but they will not believe that Britain only makes it for export and tightens her belt. (While British visitors return from France with menus on which steaks and fruits and cheese and cakes are enumerated in tantalizing abundance.)

Tantalizing abundance can be found in Italy; alongside the abundance is a standard of living so low that any decent westerner tends to choke over the luxury foods presented to him.

While Britain suffers from a labour shortage which jeopardizes her production programme, unemployment is the inevitable result of Italy's crowded cradles. There's over-population that threatens to burst the narrow limits of the country.

On unemployment, over-population and its attendant problems neo-Fascism feeds with shameless ruthlessness. I listened to Guglielmo Giannini, leader of the new "anti-Party Party," "L'Uomo Qualunque." His sneers and invective, the hero-worship with which this ex-Fascist surrounds himself, brought back ugly memories of Hitler's early days in Munich. His role is wickedly obvious. He is to be the "Mussolini of Tomorrow."

Instead of fighting famine and administrative chaos the politicians fight each other.

They call Giannini, the "First Clown of the Country."

They stamp the Christian-Democrat Premier Alcide de Gasperi as "an Austrian"—he was a member of the old Austrian Parliament thirty years ago.

Togliatti, the Communist, is a "Moscow hireling." Nenni, the Foreign Minister is "a Frenchman in disguise." Every other political leader is either as a "stooge of the Vatican" or as an "emissary of the Comintern."

Many do belong to each category.

Human Flotsam

The Italians eat UNRRA food but rave against the "dollar diplomacy" which provides it. They produce children and let them starve. They are contemptuous of the German prisoners who were once their allies. They curse the human flotsam of refugees and displaced persons with whom they must share their food.

"Your visa has expired?" I was asked when I applied for an extension. "What does it matter? We have no control over who goes and comes in our country. Hence the bombs against the British Embassy; hence the Jewish terrorists who run the 'underground to Palestine' through Italy!"

To fly from Rome to Frankfurt and Berlin you must pay in dollar notes.

Where do you get them in Rome? On the black market exchange at the Piazza Colona, at four times their official value. That is the only advice the travel bureau can offer.

The lira is 900 to the sterling. If you *have* sterling you get 1,400.

Italy smarts under the cost of Anglo-American occupation and must print as many notes as it costs to keep our men there. They know it ruins their economy—they can't alter the fact.

Their cynicism is scarcely surprising.

But it is in Germany that you are right in the frontline of that battle, silent, uncanny, stealthy but over-evident, which all Europe wages—the battle for and against Soviet Russia.

As you walk along the shattered streets of Berlin you are affected by the fear which grips a German as he passes a Russian soldier on the pavement.

What is the Russian going to do next? If he approaches to ask a harmless question—is it to be another "arrest," a "deportation?" Will he search for weapons—as often happened in the early days of occupation?

Germans cite instances of Allied officers and newspaper men being "held" by the Russians. Those who explain that almost every such "arrest" was

THE LID OFF!

Every man for himself—that is the overall picture of Europe after its first full year of peace. Demoralization of the people, even more than political confusion, is the curse of a continent in the pangs of revival

Carrying banners, politically-minded Parisians march up the Champs Elysees towards the Arc de Triomphe. Eight times since the liberation France has gone to the polls. Political atmosphere is sordid. There's a premium on decency

made because there was some omission to obtain permits, some—however slight—irregularity, are regarded as crypto-Communists.

And then the other side. "He's a nationalist!" they say menacingly of every German leader who stands up for his people.

What do they expect him to be?

"Don't go before the Russians go," is the secret plea of the neo-democratic German politicians to the British and Americans. At the same time they publicly invite popular support by asking for an early end of the occupation by all four powers.

The Grimmest Failure

De-Nazification is the Allies' grimmest failure. The Germans see that British, Americans, Russians and French cannot agree on a common policy.

They despise the Americans because they "fall" for so many wealthy, pleasant and well-educated Nazis.

They hate the Russians because they keep Nazi experts on the job and simply put a Communist in charge of them.

They shake their heads when they see British authorities throwing Nazis into unemployment and thus creating an idle, silent but determined opposition. (They have, as yet, not discussed a formula for the French policy!)

And farther south, in Austria, Vienna flocks to the tiny political cabarets which provide the chief emotional outlet. What a pity so few Allied administrators know anything about the Viennese dialect; most of the Allied administrators are too removed from the daily life of Austria to understand the gist of these jokes which really represent current Austrian philosophy.

Perfectly honest satirists flay the "patriotic Austrian" who has simply exchanged the Nazi brownshirt for the symbolic Tyrolean outfit. There are pointed hints about former "S.S. Upper Group Leaders" who now call themselves "Upper Mayor" but carry on as before.

Coming under military care and protection—which is excellent—I was billeted in a requisitioned flat and could not escape a sense of guilt when I thought of the family which had been evicted from it.

Thousands of families in bomb-battered and overcrowded Vienna have been evicted to make room for Allied personnel. Many British officers shared my feelings.

The Austrians don't realize that. The Austrians accuse the Allied officials of living in luxury while they must starve.

It's a grim position, aggravated by the common knowledge that many Nazis, deprived of their jobs, have remained in possession of their bank accounts and openly boast that they can "hold out however long the Allied occupation lasts."

Anti-Russian elements make useful propaganda out of the Russians who frequent night-clubs, dancing side by side with Austrian gangsters who were locked up by the Nazis for criminal offences and released by the Allies as "Nazi victims."

It isn't pleasant to see Austrian politicians currying favour with Allied officers and officials and sabotaging their orders to profit from the ensuing chaos. It isn't pleasant to see ex-Nazi Austrians ostracize anti-Nazis who have returned from exile in France or Britain, and treat them as "traitors" because they refused to join with Hitler.

Hard words? Hard facts!

Hard fists, on the other hand, are the principal political weapons farther to the south-east of Europe.

In Greece, old vendettas, party politics, international affairs have produced civil war and anarchy in great tracts of the country.

Raids from the Mountains

I was in Greece while emotions were only slowly working up for the climax which now seems at hand; while "bandits" descended from the mountains for occasional raids on political opponents, while the police organized expeditions to "get awkward fellows" who would not pay for protection.

The "White Market" of Athens—there's no rationing save by poverty—is as ugly as the black markets are elsewhere. The drama of degenerate youth is as grim as in Italy.

The frontiers are free for adventurers to roam across the Balkans, but tightly shut to independent observers who want to tell the truth.

Stalin's picture adorns the offices of one political section; pictures of our King and Queen are exhibited in shop windows to advertise "English Wool" which only the millionaire can buy.

There are redeeming features here and there in Europe; a host of honest men, good humanitarians, struggling to stem the tide of demoralization which the war has unloosened in their countries—a tide which, where it recedes, leaves treacherous swamps behind.

The collapse of morals, more than the confusion in politics is the curse of the Continent. It really is a matter of every man for himself.

The war-disciplined Englishman hasn't a chance. He doesn't push himself to the top of the queue; he's reluctant to eat while others starve; he detests the idea of smearing his political opponents—and setting the thugs on them if he loses.

But, returning to Britain—believe me—one breathes more easily, despite the winter murk, than in the squalid, heavy atmosphere of that Europe in the liberation of which we played no trifling part.

WILLI FRISCHAUER

TRAIL OF TOMORROW Continued from page 11

Beckles enters the village of Luss near the bonny banks of Loch Lomond. Surveying this and other areas, he concludes that development of the Highlands will shape tomorrow for the whole of Scotland

a placard. What strange signs to exhibit in a civilized community! I forgot about the incident until talking in Edinburgh a couple of days later.

"Our biggest problem has been to keep the girls in Scotland," said the head of a small factory. "During the war the scenes on a Saturday night at the railway stations here were dreadful as all the girls left for the south. Over 30,000 of our girls went across the Border into England, and I doubt if as many as 10,000 have bothered to come back. We must have them back if we are to develop our light industries."

I told him of the signs I had seen, and this man—an employer of 300 people—admitted that when in Glasgow he knew of no place outside the hotels that he could take his own wife for a small drink—"a glass of port, or even a whisky, on a cold night."

Women Workers: a Recurring Problem

And the most belligerent Scot I know said: "Serves us right! We don't bother enough about the womenfolk in Scotland. Why, there is not a corset or lingerie factory in the whole of Scotland . . . we still think of women wearing Victorian petticoats!"

The problem of the women workers has been following me backwards and forwards across Britain; the last time I came upon it was at Newcastle when the pretty girl said she wanted to "go south because there was more fun there."

She was one of the Tyneside lassies who hoped that "weel may the keel row"; here in Scotland are the Highland lassies who seem still to be roamin' in the gloamin'.

★ ★ ★

And then there is the great west-to-east move which will alter the map of Scotland tomorrow. This will follow the predicted exhausting of the Lanarkshire coalfields which have been the backbone of Scottish industry for so long. Lonely stretches of Fifeshire are destined to see the birth of entirely new towns as the Fife coalfields are opened up in the immediate future. One new coalfield at Dunfermline is believed to be the finest source of supply in Europe.

Nothing quite like this trek—this reshaping of the centres of population—has ever touched the country before. It is rather as if the whole of Kent—"the Garden of England"—were asked to receive a million Welsh miners plus their families from the Rhondda Valley.

One of the more spectacular offshoots planned from this cross-country move will be a road-traffic bridge across the Forth, that majestic waterway which today all but guillotines the north from the south of Scotland.

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Planned? By whom?

You don't hear much about the Scottish Nationalist movement nowadays. Every time I have mentioned it I have been met with some such remark as "Fiddlesticks!" or "We want a dam' sight less nationalism."

But doubtless I moved in the wrong circles. . . .

Yet during the war years Scotland has managed to evolve a Parliament of its own which hatched almost as many plans as its more legal sister down in Westminster.

They didn't call it a parliament, of course; it was known as the Scottish Council of Industry, and its forty-odd members were the leading brains of Scotland—from the banks, the chambers of commerce, the T.U.C., the city councils and the royal burghs. They even had a "shadow cabinet" with such men as the ubiquitous Tom Johnston, Walter Elliot and Sir Archibald Sinclair.

"You have just heard Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 played on three pianos"

Now it clumsily calls itself the Scottish Council (Development and Industry) but is known generally as the "Council."

Its job is to "sell" Scotland; to the tourists, for one thing. It's going to be a job.

I went into a lunch room. On the menu was "*Ris de Veau Provencal*," which suggested that I was about to have sweetbreads.

The dish came; it was sausage-meat rissole; I sent it back. The restaurant was astounded. People never sent things back in these hard times. Who knew what "*Ris de Veau Provencal*" meant?

Realistic Scotland should take the lead in banning French words on menus unless the cook himself is French-born. They should herald for visitors such specialities as properly-made porridge, heather honey, bannocks, Scotch broth, bramble jelly, hare, trout and venison.

Scotland's Future

I have been trying to piece together all these things learned while sitting in front of a fire after saying goodbye to Sandy, and another man of Argyll whose kinswoman was three last Tuesday.

Sandy had said: "We have been der-e-lict since the rebellion up here"—referring to the sad events of just over two hundred years ago.

Opposite me is a map of Scotland. With the landlord's permission I have raised the light to see it better. When I look at this map of Scotland it is a disturbing thought to realize that about ninety-five per cent of its area is waste land.

What IS the future of this great and rugged country? Shipbuilding, in a century which may see the doom of ships? Kilted Highland games, sentimental songs, and romantic pilgrimages by emigrated Scots? An accepted army of unemployed—always higher than that of England—and today numbering about 60,000 men? Picturesque scenery, deer forests and promises of whisky?

The Government is making a start in the recognized centres of population. It has provided some 400 acres of industrial estates with potential work for 80,000; but how much leeway has already to be made up since the end of war-work a year ago!

You cannot keep countries healthy on a couple of wars every quarter-century.

★ ★ ★

No, it's up in the Highlands, out in the islands, that Scotland's tomorrow must be shaped. These barren and heathered stretches of russet earth, land that seems virginal with young birch trees, lochs that are lovely to look at—but of no use to the men and women who have to look at them.

The little girl who sat on my lap and told me that she was three last Tuesday should come to womanhood in a Scotland where forestry will employ more people than any other single industry—such is the re-afforestation plan already launched with £10,000,000 of Government money behind it.

She may see a Scotland as potent with all that electricity can bring as Switzerland, yet losing none of its wild beauty . . . a Scotland with a fishing industry worthy of a country where the sea has a habit of creeping in everywhere . . . a Scotland where the railway stations for the south and shipping offices for overseas are not the goal of every other ambitious boy and girl.

All that I have seen here suggests that this—with luck—should come true in our times.

Dusk falling in the glen is all very romantic; I would much prefer to picture a dawn—and, were I doing so, would be tempted to paint in the rainbow I saw yesterday arching its colours over Loch Lomond through a veil of sea mist.

I know what my friend Sandy would say to that; rainbows are a sign of more rain; but the Sandys must stop being so cynically dour.

Or dawn may never come.

In his next article in this series Gordon Beckles writes of "Tomorrow in Travel" as seen from the neighbourhood of Southampton.

Goindasawmy pressed his forefinger to his nose. "We are going to have a big jollification and not go to bed tonight"

THE MORNING AFTER

Pillai wanted to go to the feast and see the Malay dancing girls. Although he planned the perfect alibi for a night out, he found a jealous wife and a smart medico could outwit the best liar

by GEORGE IRELAND

ILLUSTRATED BY YATES WILSON

TOWARDS SIX O'CLOCK that afternoon Mr. Pillai emerged from his bungalow, cast an anxious look around and, once satisfied that there was no one about, walked quickly along the path that led out of the estate. He did not slacken his pace until he had passed through the forest of rubber trees and reached the main road. Then he made for the township six miles away.

As he walked along the jungle-edged road Pillai's thoughts kept jumping between the pleasant anticipation of a merry evening with friends at the club and the certainty of Mrs. Pillai's grim reception when he returned home.

By the time he arrived in the main street of the little township he had not managed to make up his mind as to whether he should have come or stayed at home.

As it was early yet, Pillai went to Goindasawmy's house for a chat.

"I am glad you have been able to come, Pillai," said Goindasawmy, opening a bottle of beer. "We are going to have a good evening at the club. There will be lots of people. What do you think I saw as I passed the club today?"

"I don't know."

"Two bullock carts full of drinks! There is going to be a big dinner; three different kinds of curry, and then Malay dancing girls are coming.'" Goindasawmy pressed his forefinger on one side of his nose and added: "We are going to have a big jollification, Pillai; we will not go to bed tonight."

"What you have said sounds very good to me," remarked Pillai, sipping his beer, "but I must get back some time tonight."

"Why?" asked the astonished Goindasawmy.

"What do you think my wife would say if I returned in the morning?" asked Pillai dismally in return.

Goindasawmy snapped his fingers and opened another bottle of beer.

Beer had failed to disperse Pillai's feeling of uneasiness when he left Goindasawmy. Strolling along the main street, he stopped now and again to look with a disinterested eye at the shops. About half-way along the road Pillai caught sight of Hassan standing lonesomely outside a coffee shop. Pillai went to him. "What news, Hassan? You look as if you had trouble."

"I have trouble," said Hassan gloomily. "The motor car in which I have booked a seat has broken down. I will have to walk all the way to my village."

Pillai chewed a corner of his moustache

in commiseration, but at the same time there came a sudden glint in his bulging eyes.

"I also have trouble," Pillai confided after a while. "I am glad we have met. Come and have a drink of coffee."

"Who will pay?"

"I will pay."

Pillai gave the order. Then, leaning towards Hassan, said in a confidential tone: "I am expecting trouble inside my house."

Hassan looked at him placidly. "Is your wife's mother coming to stay with you again?"

Pillai shook his head. "It is my wife."

"What has she done?"

"It is not what she has done, it is what she is going to do."

Hassan sipped his coffee and waited until he thought that the silence had lasted long enough. "Is she going to leave you?"

"It is something different," Pillai explained. "My friend Goindasawmy, the hospital dresser, has given me an invitation to attend a meeting at the Asiatic Club this evening. It is going to be a merry night, he said. There will be a big dinner; after the dinner Malay girls will dance. It will be very late before it is all finished, and I will not be back in my bungalow until morning."

Hassan nodded.

"It is going to be very difficult for me tomorrow," Pillai added with a sigh.

"Why?"

"Because I did not tell my wife I was going. I waited until she had gone to the estate shop to buy food and I left my bungalow quickly."

"Why should you tell your wife?" asked Hassan in the same placid tone.

"Because she always wants to know where I go."

"Then why not tell her?"

"She would have said nasty things to me, especially if I had told her that I wasn't coming back until tomorrow morning. My wife is very jealous, Hassan, and she has a tongue like a kris. Although we have been married for fifteen years and I have been a good husband she will not trust me. She thinks I have sweethearts everywhere. It makes life horrible for me, because I am a very good man. I do not think you could find a better man anywhere."

Hassan gave a discreet cough.

"I was hoping you would help me," said Pillai sullenly. Hassan finished his coffee and sat back quietly. "In which way?" he asked.

"By taking a message to my wife. You pass my house on your way to the village; it will be easy."

"You want me to tell your wife that you will not be back until tomorrow because you want to stay and watch the Malay girls dance?" asked Hassan calmly.

"No," said Pillai hastily. "I thought you could tell her that I was called for an important meeting while she was away and that I intended to be back by eight o'clock. You can also say that the motor car in which I was hit a tree and I was thrown out and hurt my arm. Then," Pillai went on, carried away by the brilliance of his idea, "you can say that I was taken to the hospital and that the Tuan doctor ordered me to stay there until the morning. I think it is a big idea. What do you think?"

"I think it is a big lie," remarked Hassan.

"It isn't a lie," objected Pillai. "It is a kindness, so that my poor wife will not be anxious about me. If she knows that I am safe in the hospital she will not worry and will go to sleep, and not stay awake all the night waiting for me. She would not be in a good mood when I came back."

Hassan shook his shaven head. "I've been thinking," he said reflectively. "The night is dark; it will not be safe for me to go back to my village now."

Pillai leaned over and placed a hand on Hassan's arm. "I will give you two dollars."

"I was told that there is a tiger walking about the estate during the night, and I do not like tigers."

"Who told you?"

"A man I met this afternoon; you would not know him," answered Hassan with a face like a piece of wood.

Pillai's eyes narrowed for a second. "I will give you five dollars."

Hassan pondered for a moment. "If I give the message your wife will not believe me; when you go to your house she will see that all you have is a sore head."

And with this Hassan pushed his chair back and made to rise.

Pillai gripped his arm. "You can tell her that it is my arm that is hurt. I will ask my friend Goindasawmy to rub some medicine that smells strong on it; he will also put on a big bandage."

Hassan hesitated. "You are my friend and I would like to help you, but I must think of my conscience; also, I do not forget about the tiger."

Pillai made his moustache ends perform a series of complicated evolutions. "I will give you ten dollars."

Hassan sat down and stretched out his hand.

"Remember," Pillai explained, "that I made a big noise about wanting to go home after the accident, but the Tuan doctor ordered me to stay in the hospital until tomorrow morning."

The next morning, towards ten o'clock Pillai, smelling strongly of iodoform, his right arm in a sling and expecting his head to burst at any moment, entered his bungalow. Surprised to find the living-room empty, he stepped into the bedroom and saw, with astonished bloodshot eyes, Mrs. Pillai lying on the bed and with a bandage over her right leg.

She spoke first. "How is your arm?"

"Very painful. But what is the matter with your leg?"

"I hurt it last night when I went to ask the Tuan doctor about you. It is very painful!"

Something rose in Pillai's throat which, apparently, he found great difficulty in swallowing. "The Tuan doctor?" he gulped.

Mrs. Pillai nodded very slowly. "I could not sleep after Hassan had given me your message. I walked about the bungalow thinking that he had kept something from me, so I thought that something terrible had happened to you. Hassan also said that you had made a big noise when they took you to hospital and wanted to be brought here to me.

"I could not wait any longer, and went straight away to the manager. I wanted to ask him to let me go in the estate car so that I could be near you."

MRS. PILLAI stretched her leg and looked at the ceiling for a moment. "On my way to the manager," she continued, "I hurt my foot against the root of a tree. It was lucky for me that the Tuan doctor was in the manager's bungalow at the time."

"The Tuan doctor?"

"Yes, he had been there since six o'clock and stayed to dinner. I asked him about your accident and he told me not to worry." Mrs. Pillai looked at her husband from the corner of her eye and added: "He told me to keep you on a diet of rice and water for a week. That will be a good thing, because he told me to stay in bed until my foot is right again. It might take a long time, he said."

Pillai gave a little groan. Not on account of the dreary days ahead, but because of his right arm in which his friend, Goindasawmy, had inserted three stitches. For the night before, Pillai, during the course of the merry evening, had fallen on a broken glass. Pillai's arm was very sore.

THE HUMAN MACHINE . . . by ROFFE THOMPSON

Just ordinary

THERE is too much emphasis placed on genius. The world needs genius—of course it does. But it also needs more ordinary people with their heads full of commonsense and their feet very firmly on the ground.

Genius is spectacular. It is so dazzling that we are apt to be blinded by it. Yet it is rarely a comfortable thing to live with. It often engenders a total disregard for the feelings of others. It is often ruthless and cruel. It nearly always brings with it a contemptuous attitude towards the so-called trivialities of life.

It is told of the late King George V that, after one extraordinary outburst of affection and loyalty by the multitudes outside Buckingham Palace he remarked: "I can't understand it. I'm only a very ordinary fellow."

Yet surely that was the core of it. It was because he was an "ordinary fellow," simple, kind and human, that he had such a hold on the affections of his people.

Lots of people get dispirited and depressed because they feel they're so ordinary. I don't know why they should. The world's sanest and most enduring work has always been done by the honest plodding of ordinary people. It is they and not the geniuses who keep the wheels of life turning.

with my feet up ✦ by ian fox

Speech! Speech!

SIR BERKELEY BLUSTER, ex-Minister of Obstruction and Dehabilitation, was pacing the floor ready to dictate to his secretary, Miss Robinson. He was composing a speech to be delivered on New Year's Eve.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, noisily clearing his throat. "We have successfully won through to the end of 1946, pause for clapping. This has indeed been a year fraught with . . . fraught with?—fraught with, cancel fraught, Miss Robinson . . . has indeed been a momentous year.

"Thousands of our gallant lads have come out of the Forces, and their gratuities have, if I may say so, made a handsome contribution towards the prosperity in which we find ourselves. Prices and profits have risen, and would rise higher but for the calamitous—no, stifling—no, *suffocating* stranglehold of controls.

"Wages have risen, too, but this deplorable tendency and the resulting state of economic unbalance are largely due to the iniquitous workings of unpatriotic agitators.

"I can only think that these people want money for money's sake. When they get it there is nothing they can spend it on—except entertainment or drink . . . by the way, Miss Robinson, remind me to ring up the broker about those brewery shares.

"The shops are empty, the queues stretch for miles . . . hm, cancel that, Miss Robinson—the people wouldn't queue at empty shops. . . . The people cannot even buy food to nourish their starving bodies.

"If I may introduce a personal note, I may say that one day I went down to the kitchen to speak to the cook, and I was amazed at the smallness of a week's rations. I don't know how we live on them. Oh, Miss Robinson, when I've finished, ring up the head waiter at the Magnifico and book me a table for four for one o'clock tomorrow.

"Where was I? . . . People are walking the streets homeless because they can't buy houses. Why? Muddle! . . . make a note to thump the table. Houses to let instead of to buy! Who wants to live in someone else's house?

"Give the builders freedom to put up as many decent houses as they like, for sale at two or three thousand pounds, and I'll guarantee houses will be sprouting all over the country before you can say Aneurin Bevan, pause for laugh.

"Good heavens, Miss Robinson, look at that clock! Why didn't you remind me? I'll have to finish this in the train. Miss Robinson, send an office boy to the travel agent's to get me a first-class return ticket, and send another to the station to stand in the queue and get me a corner seat in a smoker, and send someone to get me a taxi. Oh, and Miss Robinson, tell the staff I shall expect them to work Saturday morning . . . I shall be back on Tuesday."

"Composing a speech to be delivered on New Year's Eve"

FREE SPEECH

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

PARDON THE OUTLAWS

THE HOME OFFICE HAS MADE a fine gesture in relaxing some restrictions on German prisoners of war. Prisoners are now permitted to accept invitations to visit homes and move as free men within a radius of five miles from camp.

No decent man would oppose such an act as this, which glows with the spirit of the season, but why can't the Home Office extend its generosity to our own boys who made the mistake of deserting from their jobs in the Services?

They did wrong. They sinned against their country by turning their backs on it. Some were afraid perhaps; some had other reasons. Most of them, I'm certain, have learned their lesson by now. Why not give them a new start in the shape of an amnesty, and, as a belated Christmas present, a chance of leading an honest life? If their services were needed once, they are certainly needed now.—LLOYD ALNEY, Sussex Gardens, London, W.2.

Palestine Illusion

HAVING SPENT THE LAST two years in Palestine, I am now of the opinion that this country harbours the greatest illusion of all times.

Every Sunday in churches all over the world, one hears words like "Galilee," "Jerusalem" and the "Holy Land" spoken with the deepest reverence. But, in reality, they form a halo of holiness over a country that is sordid with hate and bloodshed.

Most people would never believe the truth about these places unless they saw, for instance, a British soldier lying stabbed in a dusty Jerusalem street. Perhaps it is best that the old illusion is allowed to stand in the hope that it will soon cease to be an illusion—PALESTINE SOLDIER, Cornwall. (Name and address enclosed.)

Tied to School

HAVING MATRICULATED at a grammar school at fourteen, I have to wait till I am sixteen before leaving. Until then I can do nothing further in the interests of my career. An apprenticeship I had hoped for has now gone to someone else.

Why, when engineers are needed, do some of us youngsters have to stop at school when we have taken our school certificate?—JOHN LANSLEY, 20 Crowther Grove, Wolverhampton, Staffs.

Thanks to Aneurin

WHATEVER CRITICS SAY of Aneurin Bevan over housing, he will always have my gratitude for the wonderfully quick way he has decided to put through the regulation to enable shorter birth certificates to be issued. When his Bill has gone through it will no longer be necessary for innocent children to display their illegitimacy.

One thing: I hope the Bill will establish clearly that the shorter certificates are compulsory for all proofs of identity and age.—J. THOMSON, Prestwich, Manchester.

American Cut

ONE OF THE BIGGEST present-day rackets is the price of women's clothes which is out of all proportion to the cost of work and material. To be "fashionable," women pay about 300 per cent extra. I have just seen a well-made, attractive blouse and skirt imported from America. The price is £2. That shows what can be done.—A. J. WELLAND, 82 Elfindale Road, London, S.W.24.

Cure for the Slapdash

MOST OF US will agree with the correspondent who wrote about the "slapdash" age of today (JOHN BULL November 23). Yet my sympathy is with the youngsters, many of whom have been brought up in cramped modern homes without a cupboard or a drawer to call their own.

I was reared in a roomy farmhouse and spent many years of my married life in a spacious home where we always had a place for everything. I live now in a small modern place; it seems the only

"...a small modern place"

way to keep it tidy is to put half the junk on top of the wardrobe and keep the other half hidden under the beds.

We shall not be able to teach children tidiness until the home planners give us the facilities.—MRS. E. J., Stockton-on-Tees. (Name and address enclosed.)

Bowled Over

BY REINTRODUCING the early morning cricket commentaries, the B.B.C. has done a great service to many housewives.

The other morning I was staggered to find my husband voluntarily rising before seven o'clock, dashing down to switch on the radio (very different from his customary unwilling descent), and so pleased with his cricket ration that I was rewarded with a morning cup of tea. It was a truly remarkable state of affairs. Bravo, the grand old game!—MRS. A. POTTAGE, 69 Ramsey Street, Scarborough.

Film Breaks

OUR LOCAL CINEMA is famous for breaking down, and the other night there were fifteen "intervals" in the main picture. That is a record for round here.—A. M., Glamorganshire. (Name and address enclosed.)

That Mother Picture

MR. SAUNDERS, WHO CRITICIZED your picture of a mother feeding her baby (JOHN BULL, November 16), should open the windows of his mind and let in some good, clean air. I think the picture was one of the loveliest I have seen.

No modern scientific development could compare with the natural and only right way of feeding a baby. I am sure all real mothers will agree.—MRS. G. M. COMER, 27 South Street, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

*** Mr. Saunders provoked the indignation of fifty-four readers who set down their feelings in letters to Free Speech. Nine readers agreed with him.—EDITOR.

"Quiet, Son"

HAVE THE CRITICS of Saturday matinees for children ever considered the children's outlook? I can remember a few years ago, when I was a child, how I used to run errands to get my penny or tuppence to be able to follow my favourite film serial at the matinee. I was thoroughly happy shouting and clapping my favourites.

Now I have to take my two sons to an evening show. When they get excited I have to ask them to be quiet so that they won't disturb other people. Please, Mr. Editor, stop the Grundys from trying to do away with film clubs.—M. WARD, 28 Paget Street, Ynysybwl, near Pontypridd, South Wales.

Husbands, Note

THESE YEARS OF EMERGENCY have knocked a lot of nonsense out of most of us. My next door neighbour, a retired gentleman with an old school tie complex, actually hung out the washing on the line

"...dressed up like a floor-walker"

in the back garden last Monday morning. The gallant old boy, still dressed up like a floor walker, had the courage to do it in broad daylight. All the husbands in this suburban road have been told of the exploit without delay.—J. M., Dublin. (Name and address enclosed.)

One Man Brains Trust

AS A COMMENTATOR on national and political affairs, Mr. Priestley is always worth hearing. But when he assumes the role of one-man brains truster, and deals in oracular fashion with questions which are a matter of personal opinion, he becomes mildly annoying.

Is Mr. Priestley any more qualified than the next man to say whether or not people are smoking too much nowadays? I feel he could use JOHN BULL space to better advantage.—JAMES C. M. LISTON, 15 Orleans Avenue, Glasgow, W.4.

Feet-on-the-Ground J.B.P.

THANK GOODNESS FOR J. B. Priestley. What an atmosphere of calm serenity, coupled with common sense and logic he creates. Plain, honest and practical, he is that rare specimen—the intellectual with both feet firmly on the ground.

One always has the feeling that before answering the questions on his JOHN BULL page, he takes a pull at his pipe, makes sure it is drawing all right, sorts out his thoughts, and then gives the sensible reply.—G. MILLAR, 27 Fairford Crescent, Liverpool 14.

The Price of Coal

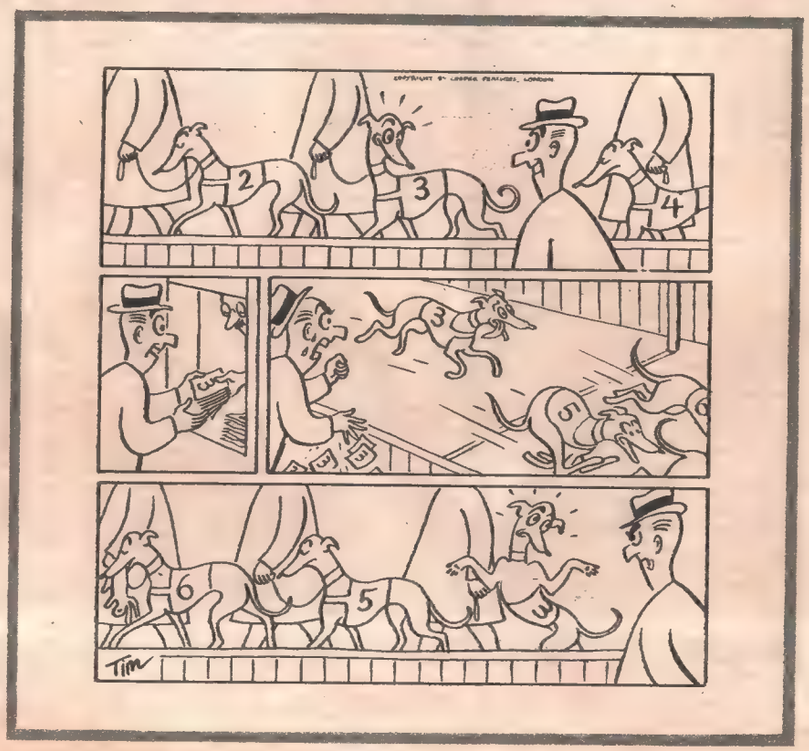
MY NEPHEW, MY BROTHER and I are at present disabled through pit accidents. My nephew has two bones broken in his hand, my brother has a broken pelvis and I have a fractured ankle. We think we may have broken a record between us. What a price we pay for coal.—W. JACKSON, 50 Eleanor Street, Cullercoats, Northumberland.

Healthy and Wise

FOR SOME TIME NOW it has struck me that we are all doing things later and later in the day. Shops do not open so early and the ordinary routine of living seems to have gone forward an hour or so.

Sleep is taken at what our forefathers thought the worst hours, and much of our spare time is spent in the fouler air. People who rose at six in the morning used to get a tonic draught of fresh air

Continued on page 20



As I was saying . . .

BEAUTY'S WHERE YOU FIND IT

by HERBERT HODGE

I'M GETTING TIRED OF BEING TOLD, every few weeks or so, by some earnest thinker or other that nowadays the majority of us live in ugly and sordid surroundings, lacking the beauty of older and more spacious days.

This is only partly true. So much depends on how you look at those surroundings.

It seems to me there's still plenty of beauty to be found even in the ugliest surroundings—if only you search for such beauty as may be there, instead of taking the total ugliness for granted.

After all, since we can't hope to change our surroundings very much for some years to come, we may as well try to make the best of what we've got. It's the only way we can hope to make our lives tolerable.

It's difficult, I'll admit, to feel any sensation of beauty as you enter the average factory gates on a Monday morning. Most factory entrances are so appallingly ugly that only a masochist could face them with a smile.

I can remember the entrance to one factory I worked in that was so awful it fairly turned my stomach—especially first thing in the morning. The time came when I couldn't face it any longer, and had to get another job.

Even when that factory was new, it must have been offensively ugly. At the time I worked there, it had become old, dilapidated and dirty. But a little imagination on the part of the management—a little whitewash and a few pounds of bright paint—would at least have made it seem a more tolerable place for men to work in.

You can't always blame an unimaginative management for an ugly factory. In some factories, the older workers have got so used to their ugly surroundings that if anyone suggests brightening things up, he is liable to be called a cissie.

And yet I read the other day of one modern factory in which even the machines are painted in gay colours; and the management claimed that their "cissie" colour scheme, by raising the workers' spirits, had definitely increased production.

Factory Hooters Offend

Another thing that annoys me about factories is the ugly sound of the hooter. I strongly object to being ordered about by that raucous noise. It's an offence to human dignity. If I were running a factory, I should install a peal of bells, which would chime out comic ditties, and so encourage everyone to start work in a good humour. If I couldn't afford bells, I'd employ a trumpeter. What could be finer than a trumpet call to lift up a man's heart on a blue Monday morning?

But until the happy day comes when the world is ruled by poets, we shall probably have to put up with things much as they are; and find what beauties we can for ourselves amid the general ugliness.

This is easier in the home, perhaps, than in the factory.

Frying a precious egg for my breakfast, the other morning, I thought what a perfect example of the smaller beauties was spread out before me in the frying pan.

There lay the egg, with its rich red yolk and wide white border, buoyed up on bubbles of pale primrose fat—and the whole mass of beauty framed in the circle of the gleaming aluminium pan. What a subject for a painter! What a theme for a poet!

All the best philosophers are agreed that the chief end of man is the worship of the good, the true and the beautiful. That egg had them all. Its beauty shone forth for anyone to see. Its goodness was apparent to anyone who cared to smell. And as for its truth—well, I proved that by eating it.

One egg in one pan in one slum, therefore, can add up to paradise. All you need is the seeing eye—the eye that seeks out the beauty rather than the ugliness.

Picture in a Puddle

For instance, I might sit back and feel fed up because I can't afford to spend this winter on the Riviera, gazing down from the cliffs upon the sunlit sea. Instead, I shall go out and admire the beautiful irridescent pattern made by the spot of oil that dropped from the lorry into a puddle outside my front door. It's just as pretty, in its own way, and there's absolutely no charge for the view.

People spend hundreds of pounds and travel thousands of miles to see natural wonders like the Niagara Falls. I, too, have been to Niagara. But I find I can get just as much pleasure from watching the rising and falling brown fountains in the glass coffee percolator at home.

Some men hanker after the excitement of stalking elephants in the African jungle. But if you can't afford the fare to Africa, you can get just as much excitement in your own back garden (once you've adjusted your mind to the smaller scale) by hunting the ants as they walk warily among the grass-blades.

It's all very well to say you'd soon get fed up with hunting ants in the back garden. But, if you do, you'd probably get equally fed up with stalking elephants in the jungle.

This capacity for finding beauty, delight and all kinds of excitement in what may appear to unimaginative minds to be ugly, worthless or humdrum things is a gift nearly all of us possessed when we were children. It's a quality of the imagination that enables you, as William Blake puts it:

"To see a World in a Grain of Sand,
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour."

We can, most of us, regain the child's power of imagination, if we want to, simply by giving ourselves up to it. It's quite easy.

The child's power of imagination is still there, deep inside us. All we've got to do is to stop suppressing it: learn to let it rip—at home, at work and wherever we happen to be.

★ ★ **Each week in this feature, Herbert Hodge, author and broadcaster, comments on things that matter in life**

JOHN BULL

QUIZ on 1946

PEACE HAS ITS PROBLEMS NO LESS THAN WAR. This axiom has certainly been borne out by the events of 1946. We shall look back on 1946 as the great transition year, and this special Quiz on the happenings of the past twelve months will help you to fix it firmly in your memory. Answers are on page 20.

INTERNATIONAL

(1) UNO chose its Secretary-General. What is his name? (2) Ukraine charged Britain with endangering international peace by her activities in a certain country. What was the country? (3) In March UNRRA nominated a new chief. Who was he? (4) The British Empire gained a Crown Colony. Its name? (5) Three cabinet ministers went to India and Indian leaders came to England. Name the cabinet ministers and the Congress and Moslem leaders.

BRITAIN

(1) A new Lord Chief Justice was appointed, and subsequently tried the most remarkable libel action of the year. Who is he, and what was the action? (2) Which famous commodity market was closed by the Government? (3) In what way did newspapers and magazines lose some of their austerity? (4) Rumour of the engagement of Princess Elizabeth to a foreign prince was officially denied. His name? (5) Died: the world's top economist, a monocled actor, the most far-seeing author of the century, and the creator of Clubfoot. Names?

EUROPE

(1) Did King George of Greece get his throne back? (2) What incident involving Americans led the U.S. to protest to Jugoslavia? (3) Which French party led in the last General Election? (4) Italy had a new king for thirty-five days. His name? (5) How were the passengers of the crashed Dakota rescued from the Wetterhorn?

AMERICA

(1) The Secretary of Commerce publicly disagreed with Mr. Byrnes and was sacked. Who was he? (2) The G.O.P. won. What is it and what did it win? (3) Churchill made a sensational speech at Fulton, Missouri. What was its gist? (4) In what way did *P.M.* change its policy? (5) One man held the U.S. to ransom with the threat of a paralysing strike. Who was he?

ENTERTAINMENT

(1) A Swiss film pleading for international brotherhood was outstanding among the year's screen showings. Its title? (2) The B.B.C. reopened a major service and inaugurated a new one. What services? (3) The Old Vic presented two classics and a new J. B. Priestley play. Can you name them? (4) A popular radio conductor resigned. Who? (5) Which new films were adapted from books by Edna Ferber and Somerset Maugham?

POLITICS

(1) How many M.P.s voted for the amendment to the Address tabled by the Labour foreign policy rebels? (2) Whom did John Strachey replace as Food Minister? (3) Who was appointed the Conservative Party's new chairman? (4) Which party lost its last M.P.? (5) Which party organized the "squatters"?

SPORT

(1) Who won the Grand National, the F.A. Cup, the Derby and the Wimbledon Men's Singles? (2) To which team was Tommy Lawton transferred? (3) Which was the champion cricket county? (4) An American beat Freddie Mills for the world cruiser-weight title, and was later beaten by Bruce Woodcock. Who was he? (5) Thirty-three people were killed at a cup tie. Where?

MILITARY

(1) Atom bombs exploded. Where? (2) Who were responsible for blowing up part of the British Embassy in Rome? (3) British troops withdrew from which Far-Eastern territory? (4) Which country handed arms to civilians to fight the Communists? (5) In what job did Marshal Koniev replace Marshal Zhukov?

CUP AND LIP

Nervous Miss Bell wasn't popular in the guest house. She took precautions against burglars to absurd extremes, but there was method in her madness . . . Here's a short, short story complete on this page

By GEORGE BAKER

ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC EARNSHAW

"It gets on my nerves," muttered Mr. Quill, glancing over his shoulder. "Each night she goes round, seeing every door and window is bolted"

MR. QUILL LOOKED over his shoulder and grunted.

"Of all the confoundedly fussy, exasperating old maids I've ever struck," he muttered, "that woman is the worst."

Mr. Waite, a newcomer to the seaside guest house, made sympathetic noises. Mr. Quill grinned disgustedly.

"Every night it's the same," he went on. "She goes round the house seeing that every door and ground-floor window is locked and bolted, and the house in a positive state of siege."

"A very wise precaution," Mr. Waite remarked.

"That's not the point. You see, Miss Bell is only a visitor, like ourselves; it's none of her business at all. The manager always goes round last thing, as a matter of routine. But apparently she won't trust anyone but herself. Once bitten, twice shy, I suppose."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, it seems that last year the place she was staying at was burgled, and she lost everything of value—even her return ticket."

"You can't wonder at her being careful, then, can you? She looks as if a few pounds would mean a lot to her. Retired schoolteacher or something of the kind, I fancy."

"Probably. But it gets on my nerves to see her padding about every night trying all the windows and locking doors."

"Have there been any burglaries in the town lately?" asked Mr. Waite.

"Not that I've heard about. No, it's just dam'fool old-maid fussiness."

Other residents besides Mr. Quill found Miss Bell's nightly tour of inspection getting on their nerves. The manager had remonstrated with her, but to no avail. After all, she was doing no real harm. The week's newcomers found it amusing for the first few nights; but in time their smiles, too, changed to frowns, and they muttered together as the old lady tiptoed from room to room.

As Mrs. Hermitage said to her husband:

"Even if one hasn't the least fear of being robbed, it makes one nervous merely to have the possibility of it presented to one every night. I suppose my jewels *are* safe under my pillow?"

"If Miss Bell can sleep in peace, my dear, then I think that we, too, can rest easy. Anyway, can you think of a safer place?"

"Mrs. Trounce took her rings and wrist-watch to the manager's office last night," said Mrs. Hermitage thoughtfully. "She told me she hasn't slept for the last three nights wondering if they were safe in her room."

Mr. Hermitage shrugged. "Women all over," he remarked. "The more precautions are taken against burglars, the more they worry about 'em."

"Well, after all, there *was* a burglary where Miss Bell stayed last year. Mr. Quill was telling me about it."

"There isn't likely to be one here, anyway. Go to sleep and forget it."

BUT Mrs. Hermitage passed a troubled night. The next evening she, too, paid a visit to the manager's office. Coming out she almost collided with Miss Bell.

"I'm just going to see my little treasures locked in the safe," said the little old lady, with a bright smile. "One simply cannot be too careful, can one?"

Mrs. Hermitage smiled a faint and distant smile, and passed on. She had no use for people who looked like retired governesses, living on inadequate pensions and bravely trying to keep up appearances. Such people, she considered, had no place in select and exclusive guest houses which they obviously couldn't afford. Mrs. Hermitage was the social queen of a select and exclusive suburb; it exasperated her that the nervous qualms of such a silly, tiresome woman as Miss Bell should have brought her, with her jewel-case, to the manager's office—and that Miss Bell should have seen her there. However, a moment's annoyance was a small price to pay for a restful night.

Mr. Waite, the quiet-mannered, retiring, grey-haired newcomer, saw much but said little. He had fallen into the habit of occupying an easy chair in a shadowed corner of the lounge, from which he could observe, through a glass-panelled door, one guest after another going into the manager's office with boxes and handbags, all apparently infected with the general nervousness. Even Mr. Quill was now of the nightly number. Mr. Waite, who was very well known to the police, watched and pondered, an idea taking shape in his tortuous mind. He wondered, among other things, about the lock on that safe. He reflected how easily an inside job could be made to look like the work of an outsider, in spite of the precautions taken nightly by Miss Bell, and duplicated by the manager. Mr. Waite had already satisfied himself that there was no system of burglar alarm, nor any night porter to keep vigil while others slept.

ASTONISHING, Mr. Waite mused, what confidence could be aroused by the presence of a safe. Astonishing that every night some hundreds of pounds' worth of cash and jewellery should be entrusted to a steel box which Mr. Waite could open, he felt sure, with a hairpin. Astonishing that nobody seemed to realize that all their precious eggs were placed in one very vulnerable basket—thanks to the nervousness of once-bitten Miss Bell.

At two o'clock in the morning Mr. Waite rose from his bed. He was fully dressed, except for his shoes, and very wide awake. He opened his door and listened intently; then tiptoed along the carpeted corridor and down the stairs—not forgetting to miss the creaky tread on the seventh one down. Mr. Waite had a good memory for details of that kind.

Soundlessly he made his way to the manager's office, that trained memory of his keeping him away from tables and chairs with the sureness of a blind man. He paused at the door, listened; then, satisfied, he entered the room.

"How goes it?" he whispered to the figure kneeling in front of the safe.

"I think I've found the combination," came the cautious reply. "But you should not have come. It is doubling the risk, and you can do no good."

"I'm sure I can, Miss Bell. You see, I am *not* Mr. Quill."

* * *

Mrs. Hermitage would have liked to know a great deal more than she was ever told about the abrupt departure of Miss Bell and Mr. Quill before anyone was astir that morning—in company with two policemen, though she didn't know even this. She was also rather inclined to take exception to the queer smile that lay rather in the eyes than on the lips of that quiet, watchful Mr. Waite as she paid her nightly visits thereafter to the manager's office. She might have been astonished at some of his correspondence, however, including as it did a full report of the unsolved robbery last year where Miss Bell had stayed (though she was known there by another name) and where Mr. Quill, under another alias, had been a fellow-guest. She would have been even more astonished to learn how near, but for Mr. Waite, she had come to losing those jewels that were, in a sense, the regalia of the select and exclusive suburb to which she presently returned.

But, since he was on holiday, Detective-Inspector Waite, of the C.I.D., kept his own counsel, and went on smiling quietly to himself.

Christmas Comes—

HUNDREDS of readers have won an extra merry Christmas as the result of entering for our *Bullets* Contests. And one home in which there will certainly be good cheer is "Hill Top," 13 Malpas Avenue, Prenton, Birkenhead.

Out of the oven young Mrs. M. M. McLeod will lift a 12-lb. *Bullets* bird—and safe in the bank will be the £500 which she also won in our 1,556th Contest. This splendid two-in-one prize rewarded her telling and seasonable effort, inspired by a Christmas tree: THE OLIVE-BRANCH—*HIS* GIFTS "HANG ON."

"After the morning rain that Friday, the sun was shining when my First Prize telegram arrived," she told us. It is too late now to win a *Bullets* prize for Christmas, but you can make your New Year sunny with a bright effort entered on the coupon from this page!

CASH FOR NEW YEAR

—this way to the prize-list

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

This week's prize efforts show some winning styles; for further help, enclose *Bulletin* label below with your entry.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

MANKIND'S MISTAKE
FOUNDATION OF PEACE
THE YEARS ROLL BY, BUT
IN AMERICA
GOOD HOME
BEVAN'S TARGET
NEGLECTED
MAN TO ADMIRE
THE CHANCES ARE
WIFEY WISHES
ATTRACTED A CROWD
MERRY AS A CRICKET
SANDY'S NIGHTMARE
CAUGHT NAPPING
WIN OR LOSE
WHEN DAD'S TRYING
CHORUS OF DISAPPROVAL
WICKED UNCLE
FORCING THE PACE
WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

NEW ..... TEST
..... EXPECTING ..... SO
FINISHED WITH .....
WHEN IT COMES TO .....
BANKING ON .....

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,000

1st PRIZE £300 plus Mystery Presentation

followed by £50, £25, 10 of £10, each with Mystery Presentation

100 New Year Hampers

100 Season Tickets for "Bullets"

1,500 "Good Shots"

"BULLETS" & XWORD RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated January 25, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD CASH and FOWLS

In addition to £100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up, there are up to 100 New Year fowls—one with each prize value 5s. and over in this Crossword.

Post Square by Monday, Jan. 6.

Across Clues.

1. It's not surprising to find one in basin
3. There's no need to leave it long in the water when washing
6. People are rarely disappointed by poor dressing of these
10. Heavy, low-lying mists sometimes hide these
13. Speak of these to insurance man and he'll at once think of fire
14. There's little pride in
15. You may stumble upon unfamiliar one just by chance

Down Clues.

2. Sometimes arrives with gratifying speed
4. Even champion chess player has to take some in order to win
5. Many people are upset by a mere this
7. It shouldn't be difficult to get a lawyer who'll be convincing in
8. Stage spy may occasionally run away with
9. It's rather surprising the way a woman can take to
11. If they get away with it, black market operators will probably
12. High one shouldn't be placed out of reach of ordinary man

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" 1,561 (or Xword 513), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

RESULT OF "BULLETS" 1,558

FIRST PRIZE
£500 plus CHRISTMAS BIRD

H. R. Barrett, 195 Leach Lane, Sutton, St. Helens, Lancs.:
WORK LIKE MAD AND—"PLAY FOR ENGLAND" DAILY!

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Christmas Bird:
A. W. Kimber, Ardbeg, Seaton Road, Highcliffe, Christchurch:
Gave Him A Generous—Helping Of Happiness, Generosity.

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Christmas Bird:
Mrs. N. Greaves, Menevia, Cross Park, Pembroke Dock:
Round The Fire—Recalling *Fires* Round *Us*.

10 PRIZES of £10 plus Christmas Bird:

R. Allen, 3 Cavendish Drive, Ribbleton, Preston. **At Our Village Meeting—Auntie Criticized Chairman's—*Bacon!***

T. R. Brown, 57 Hercus Loan, Musselburgh. **with Our Modern — Magic — Peace "Vanishing Lady"!**

J. Collier, 5 Louvaine Avenue, Barrow Bridge, Bolton. **Health Is Wealth, So—Pill Manufacturer's Will Proves!**

T. J. Entwistle, 2 Park Terrace, Llanharan, Glam. **Every Christmas—Sameness Its Greatest *Thrill*.**

A. Gallagher, 2 Dene House Road, Seaham, Co. Durham. **With Our Climate—No Wonder We've Empire!**

F. T. Headworth, H.M. Coastguard Station, St. Alban's Head, Worth Matravers, Swanage. **Hung Up The Rehearsal—Pantomime Horse, Different Unions!**

C. Jackson, Cottage, Crookhill Hall, Conisboro'. **Senseless — *Never* "Talking To Yourself."**

Miss M. McGaw, c/o 320 Brownhill Road, Catford, S.E.6. **Can Be Perfect—Marriage—Don't *You* "Agree"?**

J. A. Mitchell, 71 Garnet Street, Glasgow C.3. **The Man He Was—No Matter—*Now* Matters!**

A. R. Tribe, 46 Winstanley Road, Portsmouth. **In The Cart—Giles—Bride—And Fertilizer!**

Notifications have been sent to 100 Winners of Christmas Hampers, and 1,500 "Good Shot" prizes have been posted.

CHEQUES AND FOWLS WON—XWORD 510

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Change. 4, Boons. 8, Slouch. 9, Tower. 11, Beam. 13, Racks. 14, Lift. DOWN: 1, Cross. 2, Aid. 3, Board. 5, Spar. 6, Blaze. 7, Fun. 10, Will. 12, Rat.

TWENTY £100 SHARERS: Mrs. Atkin; Sto. R. Atkins; H. Clark; F. Crouch; E. A. Dain; E. J. Day; R. Fleming; W. J. E. Francis; J. Henderson; A. E. Howard; W. G. Ireland; W. King; R. G. Paulton; H. Phillips; Mrs. M. G. Pinfield; Mrs. L. Revans; H. W. Rodwell; G. Smart; E. G. Urwin; L.A.C. G. Usher.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 96 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive Christmas Fowls in addition.

FREE SPEECH

Continued from page 17

which made them work better during the day and get to sleep in good time at night.—H. SHAW, Bedford.

Back Stage Comfort

I WAS ASTONISHED to read the letter from your reader who spoke about the dirt, untidiness and coldness behind the scenes at our theatres and music halls. In nearly twenty years' experience in London and the provinces I have never even heard of a theatre like the one he mentions.—MRS. DOROTHY HOBSON, Araluen, Crowborough, Sussex.

Laid Off

IN THESE DAYS OF STRIKES and rumours of strikes, I have been wondering if the "Hens of Old England" have joined in the fashion. It is many, many months since I saw an English egg, though we get an egg occasionally from Canada or Australia.—MISS P. E. CRABTREE, 23 Mayfair Gardens, Rochdale, Lancs.

Happy in Her Work

FOR THE LAST SEVEN YEARS I have been employed in the same hospital as a domestic worker. I have always been happy. When I read of hospitals having to close down through shortage of staff I often wonder why girls do not take up domestic work. My wages are good and I have plenty of time off duty. After all, hospitals have to be kept clean for sick people.—MISS E. A. L., Ashford, Kent. (Name and address enclosed.)

Man Slights Dog

THERE ARE TWO COURSES open to Pastor Wright who told of his fear of dogs (JOHN BULL, November 30). If a small dog offends him he should appear not to notice its existence. If the dog is big, the pastor should look it straight in the eyes and walk towards it. The creature is most likely to retire in ignominy. Never show that you are afraid of a dog.—WERNER DAVIDS, 9 Wilmslow Road, Withington, Manchester.

Playrooms in Stores

WHAT A BOON it would be to mothers if the big stores all had playrooms where children could be left for an hour while the shopping was done. There seems to be no argument against the idea, except, I suppose, that a certain number of mothers would take advantage of the nurseries and leave their children to be cared for while they went off to the pictures.—OLIVE HARRIS, 58 Islingwood Road, Brighton, Sussex.

WERE YOU RIGHT?

Answers to Quiz on page 18

INTERNATIONAL. (1) Trygve Lie; (2) Indonesia; (3) Fiorello LaGuardia; (4) Sarawak; (5) Cripps, Alexander, Pethick-Lawrence, Nehru, Jinnah.

BRITAIN. (1) Lord Goddard, Harold Laski v. the *Newark Advertiser*; (2) Liverpool Cotton Exchange; (3) More pages, more copies; (4) Prince Philip of Greece; (5) Lord Keynes, George Arliss, H. G. Wells, Valentine Williams.

EUROPE. (1) Yes; (2) The shooting down in Jugoslavia of some U.S. planes and imprisonment of the airmen; (3) Communist; (4) Umberto II; (5) By Alpine guides and sledge-planes.

AMERICA. (1) Henry Wallace; (2) "Grand Old Party," the Republicans, won the U.S. elections; (3) Britain and U.S. should unite against Communism; (4) This daily newspaper, founded by Ralph Ingersoll, departed from its policy by including advertisements; (5) John L. Lewis.

ENTERTAINMENT. (1) *The Last Chance*; (2) Television, the Third Programme; (3) *King Lear, Cyrano de Bergerac, An Inspector Calls*; (4) Charles Shadwell; (5) *Saratoga Trunk, The Razor's Edge*.

POLITICS. (1) None; (2) Sir Ben Smith; (3) Lord Woolton; (4) Common Wealth; (5) Communist Party.

SPORT. (1) Lovely Cottage, Derby County, Airborne, Yvon Petra; (2) Chelsea; (3) Yorkshire; (4) Gus Lesnevich; (5) Bolton.

MILITARY. (1) Bikini; (2) Jewish terrorists; (3) Indonesia; (4) Greece; (5) C.-in-C., Russian Ground Forces.

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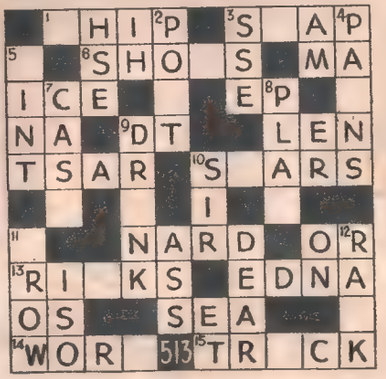

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THEY ACT FOR THE LOVE OF IT

Sometimes building their own theatres, amateur actors are achieving great success. HANNEN SWAFFER examines this new interest in "home-made" shows — claims they are nurseries for tomorrow's stars

OFTEN, PROPHESYING THE Age of Leisure which machinery will make possible when once the ravages of war have been repaired, I have remarked how the people are unconsciously preparing for it by singing and playing their own music, and even acting their own plays.

I did not realize, though, until I went into it, that there are already so many amateur actors and actresses in the country that professional authors write scores of plays specially for them.

Philip Johnson has written, for amateurs, over forty one-act comedies and dramas, in addition to four full-length plays. Mabel Constanduros and Howard Agg, either singly or in collaboration, have been the authors of over a score of long plays that the West End will never see. L. du Garde Peach has written sixteen one-act plays intended for the inexperienced members of Youth Groups.

Then there are special "basic" pantomimes into which amateur authors can introduce local or topical "gags," revues which can be altered to suit a particular town, complete Service programmes, and programmes made up of revue sketches and monologues.

Five thousand amateur societies which produce straight plays are looked after by the British Drama League. Some of the most popular plays among these societies just now are the West End successes *Flare Path*, by Terence Rattigan; *George and Margaret*, by Gerald Savory; *Ten Little Niggers*, by Agatha Christie; and *They Came to a City*, by J. B. Priestley. Samuel French, Ltd., who publish plays and collect royalties, have a list of thousands of plays, famous and unknown, from which amateurs can choose.

Then another 5,000 societies, which stage musical plays, are joined to the National Operatic and Dramatic Association. Their present favourites, besides the inevitable Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire, are *The Desert Song*, *Rose Marie*, *Merrie England*, *Rebel Maid* and *The Arcadians*.

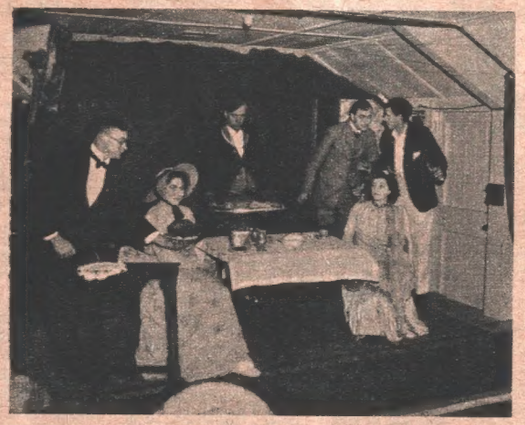
The Little Theatre Guild includes nine societies which have their own theatres; these pool knowledge and exchange ideas. Amateur companies are encouraged by many industrial firms which equip halls for their staffs to act in. There are also thousands of other unaffiliated companies, small and large. In North Wales there is a children's theatre club open to infant would-be Irvings as young as nine!

Destined for Fame

All are keen; all are ambitious; nearly all face the problems of bomb damage, building delays and shortage of equipment. There may be—who knows?—a budding Vivien Leigh or a potential Ralph Richardson in any one of them.

"Don't ask me to come and criticize you," I have said to would-be actors. But, had I gone to see some of the amateur shows years ago, I might have discovered Anne Croft at Hull; Ronald Colman in the West Middlesex Dramatic Society; Maurice Evans in his father's adaptations of Hardy's novels at Dorchester; Michael Redgrave in the Cambridge A.D.C.; and Eileen Herlie, our latest star, in her native Glasgow. Sylvia Welling and Clive Brook, too, were amateurs once.

Some of the amateur societies have amazing stories to tell. Take the Highbury Players, of Sutton Coldfield. In 1937, when they acquired a site with an old army hut thrown in, they had only £40 in their building fund. So the men became navvies and the women bricklayers in order to convert the hut into a theatre. Cutting the hut in half, they made one part serve for a foyer and cloakrooms. Raising the other six feet on brick walls, they formed it into an auditorium. A stage, with scenery dock and dressing-rooms, was added.



Playing in a converted skittle alley at the back of the village inn, Turnpike Players, Whiddon Down, Devon, stage "The Importance of Being Earnest"

More ambitious still is their production of "Hamlet." Only local folk take part. The cast hasn't far to go to obtain a little refreshment after the show

Because of the war, the work was not completed until 1942; yet in the same year the first production was started. Seats for the auditorium were bought from a blitzed theatre. Elaborate lighting and a complete sound system were installed, with warning speakers in the dressing-rooms and with hot and cold water laid on.

The Questors, of Ealing, who have their own theatre, always plan a season crowded with effort. This year they opened with a world premiere of Rodney Ackland's adaptation of an Ostrovsky comedy, *Diary of a Scoundrel*.

Yet the Questors began as most amateurs began —with nothing but enthusiasm. When they held their first meeting, in 1929, they had only 7s. 11½d. in hand. After two years' hard work, their accounts showed a surplus of 10d.

They made their own scenery in garages, back yards or bedrooms. They converted an old corrugated-iron hall into a theatre, doing all the work themselves. The electrical installation was completed two minutes before the time scheduled for their first opening.

The English première of *Dragon's Teeth*, by Shirland Quin, was their first big effort. As this called for a cast of about seventy, members had to play multiple roles. On the opening night two players, responsible for nine parts between them, could not attend. This crisis was overcome by the feverish rehearsal of substitutes while the first act was actually in progress.

Many other societies put on creditable productions with the most meagre of resources.

The Turnpike Players, of Whiddon Down, Devon, remember Shakespeare's line, "The play's the thing." Although their stage measures only fourteen feet by twelve—it was once an old skittle alley behind the village inn—they have given really competent performances of *Hamlet* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Their only access to the stage is through a door leading from the inn yard and there is no space for the scenery or the wings. But they do very well with a carpet backcloth.

The Eynsbury Women's Institute, of Huntingdon, has toured locally with *Twelfth Night*, and the Curtain Players, of Birmingham, have produced both *Hamlet* and *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Average Age Sixteen

Since 1944, the R.A.F. Little Theatre at Cranwell has put on ten plays, including *George and Margaret*, *Pygmalion* and *French Without Tears*.

The Grove Park Amateur Dramatic Society, of Wrexham, recently did *The Late Christopher Bean*. The Ashley Players, of Walton-on-Thames, are producing *Blithe Spirit*. The Ellerslie Dramatic Society, of Malvern, with a cast whose average age is sixteen, made its bow with *Jane Eyre*.

As a rule there is an "iron curtain" between devotees of operatics and those who prefer straight drama. Musicals find favour with larger societies because they call for a big cast and a chorus that need be limited only by the size of the stage. Yet many men and women love chorus work. Another idea that has been tried out successfully is to present a series of one-act plays—this is why Philip Johnson has become so prolific—with a separate cast for each.

Never laugh at the would-be actor or the actress with ambitions to perform before friends and neighbours. They learn how to mix with their fellows. They develop personality. They grow poise and confidence.

And, in the outlying areas, they give pleasure to people who, but for their efforts, would never see the living theatre.

Both the British Drama League and the National Operatic and Dramatic Association arrange festivals at which amateur societies may compete with one another in a stimulating atmosphere of friendly rivalry. In order to perfect themselves, some societies employ professional producers to coach them; but most amateurs get more fun out of tackling every detail of production by themselves. And, in mastering the difficulties of producing plays, thousands of men and women are becoming better citizens. They are unconsciously improving their capacity in business life.

Most important of all, in my view, they are solving the problem of Leisure. They are proving that their ordinary daily work is not the end of life, but the beginning.

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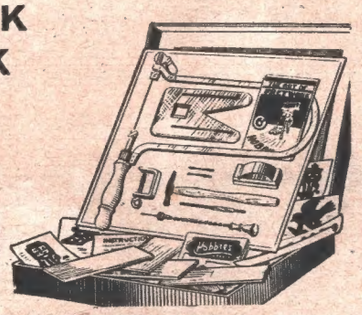

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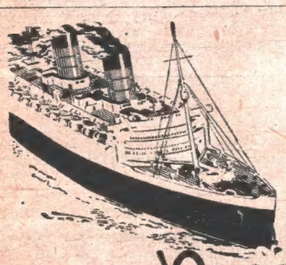

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Cinema Seats

"CAN ANYTHING BE DONE to prevent cheating by our local cinema? There are three prices—1s., 1s. 9d. and 2s. 3d.—and we are kept queueing outside for a whole hour while the commissionaire keeps calling out the most expensive seats only. When we do eventually get inside we find plenty of room in the cheaper parts of the house. I believe this happens in many other cinemas."

▸▸ The facts should be reported to the local council, who are concerned with the licensing of cinemas.

An Old Debt

"MANY YEARS AGO my husband borrowed £5, and only once—fourteen years ago—was he asked to repay. Unfortunately he is now totally disabled and we have to live on 10s. 6d. National Health Insurance and 22s. 6d. public assistance. The lender is threatening court proceedings to recover the £5 debt. Can he do this now?"

▸▸ Unless your husband has acknowledged the debt or paid anything on account during the past six years the debt is not recoverable by court action. If proceedings are taken against you it will be necessary to defend them and state that the debt is barred by the Limitation Act, 1939.

Insurance Payments

"AFTER DOING part-time work during a slack period, I shall not be required again for two months. What is the correct procedure regarding contributions to National Health Insurance? Is it necessary to continue payments while out of work?"

▸▸ You cannot stamp your card for the periods when you are not employed. If you register as unemployed at the employment exchange you can have the card "franked" each week. Alternatively, in order to maintain title to full benefits you must pay arrears of contributions which arise in respect of the periods during which you are not employed when you receive an arrears notice from your approved society.

Demobbed in Italy

"I HAVE A HOUSE in Italy and the Army has allowed my son to be demobilized there. He has written asking me to send his civilian clothes. Can you tell me whether this will be allowed?"

▸▸ Yes. There is a gift parcel concession in operation at the moment whereby parcels up to 22 lb. in weight and £5 in value may be sent once weekly to Italy and the Vatican City. Full details of this scheme are obtainable at post offices.

Old Lady's Property

"MY GREAT-AUNT, aged eighty-two, was unsafe to be left alone and was removed to an institution run by the county council. She left the key of the house in my charge. The relieving officer tells me that nothing in the house must be removed and that eventually her things will be sold to pay the costs of the institution. He took what money she had and the institution will have her weekly pension. Surely they can hardly claim her furniture as well? There are certain items which she wished me to have after her death."

▸▸ If your great-aunt's estate is substantial the public authorities may apply to court for an order to make them the administrators of it. Should there be any balance on the patient's decease it will be handed to her next-of-kin.

Shades of Salvage

"DURING THE WAR the iron gate and railings surrounding my house were removed for scrap. It is now necessary for a gate to be fitted and I am asked to pay £4 10s. for it. Can I recover the expense?"

▸▸ Sorry, but you will not be able to recover the expense. You have no legal redress.

Witness to Will

"WILL YOU PLEASE inform me if it is legal for a person under twenty-one years of age to witness a will?"

▸▸ Anyone who is capable of giving evidence in a witness box may witness a will despite the fact that he or she is under the age of twenty-one.

Dance Club

"A FRIEND AND I are starting to run dances and social events for profit and would like to know if any legalities must be observed. Are we allowed to start a dance club for members only? Should we be permitted to give a lucky number prize of money?"

▸▸ Provided the halls you engage are licensed for dancing, there are no restrictions on your venture, but it would be illegal to give money prizes for a lucky number. It is not necessary to register a dance club if no intoxicating liquor is sold on the premises.

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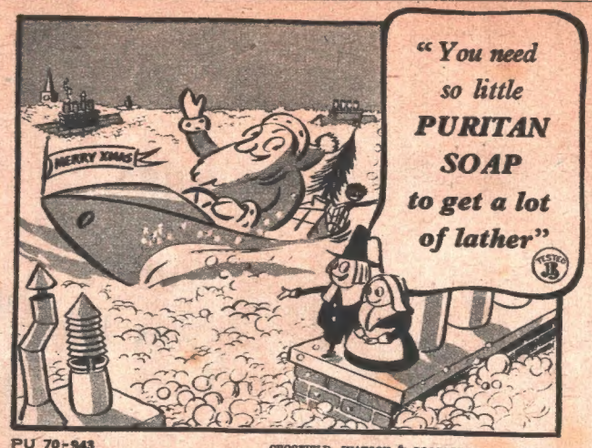

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FROM A DOCTOR'S DIARY

"Can you really cure V.D., Doctor?"

I'm often asked that question—and I'm very glad to have a chance of answering it, because there is still a widespread impression that venereal diseases are incurable.

The answer is fairly simple. If either syphilis or gonorrhœa is treated in its early stages by a doctor who is skilled in this branch of medicine, failure to cure is rare. Penicillin shortens the period of treatment of both these diseases very materially, but if anyone puts off being treated for any length of time, cure may be more difficult, and irreparable damage may be done to various parts of the body before the disease is checked.

A V.D. case is rather like a fire. The fire brigade finds it much harder to put out a fire that is well alight before it arrives, and it certainly cannot repair the damage already done.

If gonorrhœa is allowed to run on unchecked, important tubes in the body may be blocked, with serious effects on fertility in both sexes.

If syphilis is allowed to continue until the blood has become positive to certain tests it takes much longer to cure than it would under early treatment—and by early treatment I mean as soon as the first signs appear. However, even if syphilis is allowed to run on until the heart or the nervous system is affected, it is usually possible to stop the mischief from getting worse, though we cannot always repair the serious damage already done. We can't give people new hearts and nervous systems.

The most important thing about V.D. is to avoid the loose living that spreads it. For those who have the slightest suspicion that they have V.D., it is vital — both for their own sake and for that of their fellow human beings—to get advice (and treatment if necessary) right away.

Further information in confidence can be obtained from your local Council's Health Department or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and Central Council for Health Education (VD48-15)

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